'These My People'

Serving Christ among the Mountain People of Formosa

by
LILLIAN
DICKSON

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"These My People"
are
precious in His sight.

Lillian P. Dickson

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THESE MY PEOPLE

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SERVING CHRIST AMONG
THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE OF FORMOSA

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Foreword

To say that Lillian Dickson is one of the great missionaries of this or any other time is to put it mildly indeed, but those who know her and her deep love for Christ know that she will regard even this simple statement as much more praise than she deserves. Her reaction will be a characteristic, "Give the glory to God!"

It isn't that she parades behind a front of assumed humility. It is just that she is so completely sold out to Christ —so completely dedicated to helping others in His name— that it would never occur to her that anyone would be interested in her.

That's why when she wrote this book she centered it not in herself or even in her work, but in her beloved mountain people of Formosa—those to whom she has poured out her life and love and whimsical good humor for over thirty more-than-busy years.

Yet as you read the chapters that follow (each one just a little sketch of some adventure among these Formosan mountaineers and former head-hunters) inevitably you will see her unique, colorful, Christ-centered personality shining through. You'll see her making her precarious way high up on a swaying railroad track that dangles from the remains of a washed-out bridge across a rushing mountain stream . . . with flashing eyes confronting a startled village chief whom she has awakened in the middle of the night because she has heard of his mistreatment of Christians . . . binding up the wounds of the needy in the name of Christ . . . being thankful for the privilege of taking a bath in a pigpen . . . telling a flannelgraph Bible story while a mountain man who persists in following the head-hunting ways of his

forefathers draws closer and scrutinizes her carefully for some unknown reason!

"Lil" Dickson isn't just a person—she is an institution. She's a ministry to nine hundred lepers in the government leprosarium, to a home for children with leprosy, to babies' homes for children being shielded from leper parents, to a children's home for orphans and kiddies in distress, to bamboo clinics for poor people, to Christian clinics for her beloved aborigines, to teacher training schools for kindergarten teachers in aboriginal churches; she is a helping hand for the blind and deaf, a friend to children in prison—and a dozen other projects at any given moment.

Because she has chosen to write of her beloved mountain people rather than about herself, you'll want to know these main facts about her: With her husband Jim (himself a great missionary stalwart who directs an outstanding theological seminary and guides the work of scores of aboriginal churches) she first came to Formosa as a young bride in 1927. After a number of years as a busy missionary wife, helping mostly in the women's work, she was challenged first by the desperate plight of the lepers in postwar Formosa, again by the pathetic sight of children imprisoned with hardened and diseased criminals—and then by one after another of similar scenes that she knew must be breaking God's heart as they were breaking hers.

Inevitably she found herself drawn out into these ministries described above. And because her husband's mission, the Board of Foreign Missions of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, does not commission wives for missionary service, she even formed her own organization (known as Mustard Seed, Inc.) to meet the needs God had placed upon her sympathetic heart.

Born in Prior Lake, Minnesota, in 1901, she was graduated from St. Paul (Minnesota) Central High, then from Macal-

ester College. She had additional studies at the University of Minnesota, Biblical Seminary and National Bible Institute (now Shelton College) before her marriage in 1927 to Jim Dickson, then a student at Princeton Seminary.

Jim and Lillian Dickson have raised two children on the mission field. Daughter Marilyn, after study in the States, has returned to serve beside her parents in Formosa. Son Ronald lives in Chicago. In addition, two tiny graves in Formosa bear mute testimony to the cost of missionary service.

But all these are just facts. And the true "Lil" Dickson with her smile, her courage, her tireless energy and indomitable spirit — not to mention the ever-present angel whose frequent taps on her shoulder she so often whimsically describes—just can't be contained in mere facts. You'll have to meet her for yourself in the chapters that follow.

I have seen every phase of Mrs. Dickson's work. I have worked with her many, many times. World Vision, Inc., has been privileged to help her, as she mentions within this book. And so I am deeply honored to have the privilege of writing this Foreword and giving you a few facts about this gallant little missionary that I know she wouldn't tell you about herself.

You'll get to know her, too, as you see her at work in tireless service for Christ among the mountain tribes of Formosa — among these her people.

DR. BOB PIERCE
President, World Vision, Inc.

Preface

I have seen beauty enough to break the heart
From one tall mountain top with all the earth
Swooning in the mist below, and from the height
The four winds of creation had their birth.
I have heard sounds that stretched my soul apart
With their wild music: viol, flute, and the bird,
Sending their offerings up, and yet we read:
Eye hath not seen, and neither hath ear heard,
And neither hath it entered into the heart of man
The things God hath prepared . . .

—*Grace Noll Crowell*

When we first went to Formosa in October, 1927, it was a strange, unknown land. Then it seemed as if we had gone "up to the rim of the world far beyond the lost horizons and into a new world." My mother used to say she could go in algebra "from the known to the unknown" all right, but then she stayed there! That is what happened to us. We went from the "known to the unknown and then stayed there"! The people were different in race, customs, language and background. Because we were now in their world, we had to learn their language and ways and try to fit into their lives.

Formosa is an island off the mainland of China, roughly opposite Hong Kong. It is about 250 miles long and about fifty miles wide except at the widest place, which is about eighty miles. The western part consists of wide, fertile plains. However, down the eastern and central part there are high mountains running from north to south, making the eastern part inaccessible except in the north where a road has been made across the mountains and a railway tunneled through.

The climate is semitropical with an abundance of fruit and flowers the year around. Rice fields, green and lush, are terraced up the mountain sides or stretch out as far as one can see in the valleys below. In the south of Formosa sugar cane fields whisper in the passing breezes, and tall palm trees and feathery bamboo dot the landscape everywhere.

"You live in paradise, but you don't know it is paradise," we used to tell the Formosan Chinese who live on the island. In those days there were about six million Amoy-speaking Chinese, and about five hundred thousand Japanese who ruled the island and about two hundred thousand aborigines in the mountains.

High up in the range of great rugged mountains which rose twelve thousand feet above the blue Pacific lived these primitive people, the aboriginal tribes of Formosa. They were in Formosa before any Chinese came, and how they first came will ever remain shrouded in mystery.

Six tribes are doubtless Malayan in character, but the seventh tribe, the head-hunting Tyal tribe, is quite distinct. Pushed back by the aggressiveness of the increasing multitude of Chinese who came over from the mainland, the tribes retreated farther and farther inland and now live mostly in inaccessible haunts in the mountains.

As soon as we had learned the Formosan Chinese language, our work was centered in the churches established among the Chinese. There was no chance to visit the mountain districts and preach to the aborigines there because the Japanese government did not allow it.

One day, however, my husband came back from the far East Coast and about twenty feet behind him trailed a barbaric-looking woman. She had heavy tattooing across her whole face—a wide band from ear to ear which gave her a fierce expression.

"What's this?" I asked him. I didn't even say, "Who is this?" for he was always bringing home strange things from his trips.

"She is the first believer in the Tyal tribe [the head-hunting tribe] and I've brought her back to put her in the Bible School," he said firmly.

"She's too old," I said for she looked past middle age.

But he was right and I was wrong, for this was Chi-oang, who later was to start an underground movement of Christianity among the people of the hills and lead a thousand souls to the Lord.

In those days the Tyal tribe men were still taking heads, about forty-eight a year according to the government report. I used to wonder if they had a quota—it always seemed to be forty-eight! It seemed incredible then that they could be won to the Lord, but with Him all things are possible.

"How can you stand it?" some have asked. "The life of the poor in the Orient with its sordidness, ugliness, terrible odors and filth, the sight of human misery everywhere—how can you stand it?" First, let me say that to feel one is where the greatest need is, where one can minister to the greatest number, does give a certain heart-peace that cannot be found elsewhere.

Also, we meet sordidness, ugliness and drabness not with the defense of hardening ourselves so that we cannot see or feel it, but by meeting it squarely, recognizing it and then looking through it to the glory and the beauty that lie beyond and beneath it. A life that has not glory in it is not beautiful; a soul that has not vision is surely dead; but in almost every life, even of those who have never heard the Gospel, one can glimpse beauty, witsfulness, hunger for better things, if one looks well. It is called "second sight" —to see the souls of men, not just their clothes, to see "The Common Street" lit up with heaven's glory.

And yet, from sordid and from base,
Passion can lift a shining face . . .
And walking through a street at night
I saw a jail in soft moonlight;
And there, behind the chequered bars,
A still shape came to look at stars . . .
—*Conrad Aiken*

To those who hunger—"the Bread of Life" . . . To those who thirst—"the Living Water" . . . To those who come "to look at stars"—the beauty of the message of God, of love, peace through Christ, truth and everlasting sureties . . . Who would not be willing to stand in the market place to tell this message to the common people of the world?

"And the common people heard him *gladly*."

LILLIAN DICKSON

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CHAPTER ONE

An adventure among the Ami people

Our first seven years on the field had been strenuous and full of activity, and as we packed to leave on furlough, I felt my tiredness had reached the brim.

"I can't be a missionary any longer for this term," I told myself.

But I reckoned without God. My husband was going to make one last trip to Hwalien, then just a little village on the far East Coast, and he wanted me to go with him. I consented just to please him, not because I wanted to go.

But I am through being a missionary for this term, I still thought rebelliously to myself. *I am not going to preach or give a message on this trip. I'm too tired.* So, deliberately, I did not look up any outlines of previous messages to take with me although I had many.

On the long bus ride down the coast for seventy-five miles on a thin ribbon of a one-way road skirting the cliff, the blue waves of the deep Pacific directly below us and the cliff rising again to unseen heights above our heads, I had time to think. Slowly, indelibly, a new message from God's Word came to mind. I could not forget it because it persisted in my thoughts, so when we reached the little village of Hwalien, I wrote down the outline.

"But I am not going to speak," I told myself, but more feebly now, "I am too tired."

That night in the little church my husband showed colored slides of the life of Christ and told the old, old story of His love. The church was filled to overflowing and people stood three deep outside the windows. He had to repeat the message three times, each time emptying the church and refilling it in order to accommodate the crowd.

I did not try to enter the church, but sat outside in the moonlight on a log with Chi-oang, the first Tyal convert. I had been thoroughly frightened by the bus ride down the road on the face of the cliff and so I asked her, "Chi-oang, isn't there another way back? Must I go back by the cliff road? Isn't there some path across the mountains?"

She answered, "Yes, there is a path. A few heads get taken there every year, but there is a path."

Hastily I answered, "I guess I'll go by bus!"

When the last meeting was ended, Lam-bian, an Ami man who had studied in our Bible School, came to me and said, "I will not be here for church service tomorrow morning. I have started a Sunday school among the Ami tribe."

I thought, *A Sunday school among the Ami people! The first one! That would be a good picture to take home for furlough.*

"I'll come out and take a picture of your Sunday school," I told him. He gave directions, and the next day I borrowed a bicycle and started out.

When I arrived, I found no one there except Lam-bian. "Where are the others?" I asked, a little frightened. My husband had not wanted me to come, but he did not forbid it. But now no one knew where I was, not even the police. I didn't know where I was myself!

Lam-bian reassured me cheerfully, "They'll be coming."

Then they started to come. Aborigines are not like civilized people. They do not necessarily walk down prescribed paths or lanes. These came in suddenly from the underbrush, from this direction, that direction, stealthily, without

making a sound. They were tall and dark, and they wore the scantiest clothes possible. I was surrounded by a crowd of about forty-five adults, mostly men, a few women, no children.

Then I realized what had happened. Word had gone out that a white woman was coming and they had come to take a look at her. My bicycle looked inviting as a means of escape, but Lam-bian's words (he could speak the Formosan Chinese which was our language) broke in on my thoughts.

"They want you to take the picture," he said smoothly. They quickly formed a group, and I took their picture, but my hands were shaking, the camera was shaking and my knees were shaking, too!

I had turned to my bicycle when Lam-bian's soft words were heard behind me.

"They want you to speak to them," he said, and with a flash of realization I knew why God had given me a new message, why He would not let me forget it. God had a message for these people, and He was using me, unworthy and unwilling, to give them His message.

As I talked, I realized that this message was exactly suited to these mountain folk who were hearing God's Word for the first time. I also realized that it had come directly from Him, and that I was only a channel He was using. It was "all of Him" and none of myself.

This was the real beginning of being a channel for God on the mission field. From that time on God was to use me many, many times on His errands; and I realized that I had to be alert to His bidding, absolute in obedience, and—as the Spirit once said to Peter—"doubting nothing."

CHAPTER TWO

Pentecost in the hills

When the Japanese came to control the island, they extended their control over all the tribespeople they could reach, but the Tyals, one aboriginal tribe, still remained fiercely independent, never really conquered, defiant and inscrutable. The Japanese tried all known methods to subdue them and invented some new methods of their own. Once they put barbed wire around the foot of the mountains where the Tyals were known to reside and electrified the wire. They thought that would hedge them in and curb their headhunting activities. The Tyals experimented a little, then felled a tree across the wire and came over triumphantly—to take more heads!

The Tyal tribe, although unconquered and uncivilized according to our standards, were still a moral people. They would not tolerate immorality among their people. Some years ago there was a sudden uprising among the Tyals, and a whole Japanese village was attacked and beheaded, Japanese men, women and children. The uprising was not unprovoked. It was because of several grievances, but chiefly because the Japanese policemen, stationed in lonely places, had tried to be free with Tyal women. This was an insult deeply resented by a proud race.

How could the Gospel ever be preached to these Tyal people, the missionaries wondered. The Japanese would not allow them to go to the mountain places where they were,

and they also hampered the movement of Tyals trying to come out. The Formosan Chinese were not allowed to go there, either.

"It is too dangerous. It is forbidden," was always the glib excuse.

However, Chi-oang, the first Tyal convert, had been led to the Bible School and was preparing to go back.

There was one more convert from the Tyal tribe. A young man called Do-wai went to a Japanese school at the foot of the mountain, and somehow heard the Gospel from a Formosan Chinese Bible woman. He believed and wanted to learn more so that he could take the news back to his people. He asked permission of the authorities to come to the mission compound at Tamsui and study the Bible. They refused, but Tyals are not rebuffed easily.

He came over the mountains anyway and reached his destination. He was given a room in the missionary's house for safety as well as convenience. The Japanese constitution did guarantee religious liberty, and in those days the Japanese were meticulous of what "foreigners" or other nationals thought of their actions. If they forcibly removed Do-wai from his sanctuary, it would be glaring evidence that these people were not free. He was allowed to stay, and later his wife joined him. Different missionaries and teachers in the school taught him the Bible.

After two years in school he went back into the mountains, visiting his friends and relatives, preaching in their homes, telling the Gospel wherever he went. He sent back word after a while, by the "grapevine route," to tell the missionaries that he had about thirty believers ready for baptism, and that they were meeting regularly to worship God.

They had to meet secretly for fear of the police, so they met far up in the mountains from twelve o'clock at night until two in the morning to sing praises to God and wor-

ship Him. No one could go in to baptize the new believers, but Japanese Bibles were smuggled in to them.

One day a policeman found a Bible in the home of a Tyal near the foot of the mountain. It caused great consternation and excitement. More police were called and all the homes within reach were searched and their Bibles and hymnbooks burned.

More Bibles were smuggled in, and again they were discovered and burned. The third time this happened, all those Tyals in whose homes Bibles had been found were taken to the police station.

Then we received a post card written by the Formosan Bible woman. "The Tyals have been beaten until the blood came because they have believed in Christ," she wrote in great distress. The tears rained down my face, and I thought, *Now this is the end of it. Now they will never believe if they meet such persecution in the beginning.*

But later we heard what happened. They had been made to kneel while they were beaten. After they had been beaten, they stood up and defied the police, quietly and inexorably.

"You can cut off our hands if you want to," they said. "We are still Christians. You can kill us if you want to—we are still Christians."

Faced with this determination, the police were daunted. Japan had already started her war with China, and she did not want to have trouble with the tribes at this time. The police scoffed at their belief, but released them and sent them back to the mountains, all except Do-wai. Because he had been their leader, he was put into prison.

He would have been released the next day if he would say, "I will not be a Christian." Just those six words were needed to open the prison door and give him sunlight, friends, family, good food and freedom once more. But Do-wai would not deny his Lord. When the missionaries left Formosa, driven out by the blast of war, Do-wai had

already spent months in prison. Someone who saw him said he was swollen from beri-beri because he had been given the wrong things to eat. The Japanese doctor who attended other prisoners would not help him, but rather taunted him, saying, "You can pray to your God for help. I don't need to help you."

The last word Do-wai sent to the missionaries was that he was going to remain true. Then the dark curtain of war came down, and no more was heard. His story was told as a tribute to his loyalty, but it was thought that he must have died in prison, a martyr to his faith, rather than deny the Saviour he loved. The long years of war passed, doubly long to those who waited anxiously for that curtain to lift.

In the spring of 1946 the first missionary was allowed to return to Formosa, as the war was just over. He wrote from Hwalien, then a little village on that far, almost inaccessible East Coast, "I reached here at two this morning, had a bowl of rice and went to bed. At six o'clock I was awakened by—*Do-wai!!* Do-wai spent long years in prison! But today Do-wai has won a thousand souls to Christ!"

The incredible, beautiful, miraculous story was then unfolded of how God had carried on His work among the Tyals while the curtain of war was down, how the Holy Spirit had blessed and prospered His work by spreading the Gospel to hungry hearts and convicting them of the truth.

Their Bibles were always in danger. They hid them in the forest under trees and rocks. Toward the last of the war, they were given one last ultimatum by the police. A written order was given to them: "If you have any Bibles or hymnbooks in your possession, three days from now you must bring them to the police station. You must yourselves tear them and throw them into a bonfire."

The Tyals went back to the mountains to pray about it, and, after prayer, decided that they would not give up their Bibles no matter what such a decision entailed. However,

in three days Japan surrendered! Instead of burning their Bibles, the Tyals with great rejoicing burned the written order from the police. God was still "keeping watch above His own."

What about Chi-oang, the Tyal woman who had believed and who came to study the Bible, the one whose step was slow because age had crept up on her before she heard of the true God and Jesus Christ whom He had sent? The missionary wrote of her, too, from Hwalien, "Chi-oang died two months before my return, the spiritual mother of two thousand souls!"

Wherever Chi-oang went, she had been teaching. People came to her by night from all over the mountains, and she taught them the Gospel. The Japanese police were after her with guns and swords and bayonets, but the young people of the mountains guarded her. They always had sentries stationed watching the paths, and if the police came, they would hastily spirit her away to another village. Sometimes they had to carry her, for she was feeble with age. She had many miraculous escapes, but God was with her, protecting her, and she was never captured.

Up the wild mountain regions where "foreigners" had not been allowed to go during the time Japan ruled Formosa, now the missionary went, filled with overwhelming gratitude and wonder at what God had wrought. He found whole villages converted, all the people Christians and often a little church built in the middle of the village as their place to worship God. He found more than a dozen such churches in the mountains. Always he would ask the people there, "Who brought you the news of the Gospel?"

Often they would say, "Chi-oang came bringing us the story of the one true God and the Saviour whom He sent."

Their churches were humble, but they had been built with great love. A whole village would assemble and work for days building the church together until it was finished.

Women would come with their babies, place them in the shade and work side by side with the men to build their house of God. The earth was the floor, the walls were bamboo, the roof was sweet, deep thatch grass, dry in a rainstorm and cool in summer weather.

The Formosan Chinese Christians, recognizing all this as the work of the Holy Spirit, called it "The Pentecost in the Hills." In 1946, right after the end of the war, there were four thousand believers among the Tyals. They came down the mountains by hundreds, knocking at the doors of the little Formosan Chinese churches scattered along the foot of the mountains, asking to be prepared for baptism.

"Tell us if we have been doing right," they said. "We've only had the Bible."

They needed everything after the war. They needed food, they needed medicine, they needed clothing. They only asked for one thing, "Are there any Bibles in America?"

At the foot of one of these great mountains of the East Coast, on a grassy plain overlooking the vast Pacific, a thousand Tyals gathered one late afternoon in the summer of 1946 to hear a missionary for the first time. They had heard the Gospel from their own people, but never from a missionary before. They sat quietly, without the slightest disturbance, listening for over two hours to the old, old story of Jesus and His love. The sun set in splendor as they listened, the tropic night dropped swiftly and the moon came up over the sea and cast a long path of light across the water to them. It made a shining path that seemed to lead from earth to heaven, a symbol of Him who said, "I am the Way."

CHAPTER THREE

After the war—the first trip in

Now that the war was over, missionaries returned to the island. At last, at long last, they were allowed to go into the mountains, an adventure for God which represented the culmination of years of longing. As I walked up the long winding path in the mountains which led to the village of Mikasayama, the Chinese pastor's wife with me told this story.

"In the days of the Japanese and during the war," she said, "the Japanese policeman up here was like a little king. He could do anything and not be blamed for it. At this particular place the policeman became enraged because he knew many of the people were secretly becoming Christians, and so he issued an edict to the effect that within three days everyone in the village must come to the police station and take an oath, 'I will not become a Christian,' or he would have them tied hand and foot and a stone tied to them, and have them thrown from the high bridge into the rushing river below. He could carry out his threat too," she went on, "and he would report probably that he had stamped out a pro-American sentiment.

"The mountain people met secretly at midnight to discuss the issue. Usually the chief decides momentous matters, but he arose in their council and said, 'Now this time, each one

must decide this question for himself. I cannot decide it for you, as it means life and death.'

"Some stood up and made speeches to the effect that they had better give up Christianity. They said, 'We've no chance to be Christians now. He will surely kill us. The Japanese won't even let us have our Bibles. We cannot be Christians now.'

"Then a young lad in their midst stood up and said, 'But don't you remember? Jesus said to "fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."'

"The whole assembly then remembered these words of Jesus, and some stood up and said, 'Let us die then, for this man can only kill our bodies, and our souls will go to be with Jesus.' When the vote was taken, every hand was raised. Everyone voted to die.

"The next day they did not go to work," she continued, "for they knew that they were going to die. They visited with one another, and some shed tears, but no one faltered. No one changed his mind. They told the policeman their decision. He was brutal in reply. 'All right,' he told them, 'tonight my men and I will celebrate, and tomorrow morning the execution will take place.'

"He had planned to have a feast that night for his men, a fish fry and saki [Japanese whisky] to drink. Perhaps he wanted to get his men drunk so that they would carry out his outrageous plan. The policeman went fishing to catch the fish for his feast. He was an excellent fisherman. He waded out in that rushing stream, and no one knows whether it was a tree trunk or a rock, but something came down swiftly in the current and struck him on his leg and broke his leg. Even so, he was a good swimmer. But he had been drinking too much saki. The mountain people were at prayer when someone came in and told them, 'The man

who was going to kill you tomorrow has himself been drowned in the river.' Today everyone in Mikasayama is a Christian," she finished quietly.

Coming toward us on the path was a mountain man, and as we passed I noticed a transcendent quality in his eyes, a sort of inner glory of ecstasy and peace.

"The Japanese policeman tried to beat that man to death," the pastor's wife told me as we walked on. "They were beating him, trying to make him say that he would not believe in Christ, when he said, 'I will believe in Christ until I die.' The policeman said, 'So you want to die for Him, do you? We will give you a chance.' He ordered him beaten to death. They beat him until they thought he was dead, and then left him, and his friends came and poured cold water on him, and he recovered. He told them, 'I saw Christ, and He told me that my time had not yet come, and that I must come back.' " So he lives on, with a marvelous light in his eyes and the memory of what happened, until the day he goes to be forever with the Lord.

At Mikasayama we found the church clean and welcoming, the people crowding around us as if we were newly-found relatives whom they had long awaited. We heard more stories of the triumph of their faith during the long bitter years of war when they had to meet secretly to worship God. Then we went on after a few days of fellowship and worship together to the next village, still higher in the mountains and more remote.

Yamaseito was neat and circumspect, the paths swept clean, the people obviously awaiting our coming. Their church with the cross above it was outlined against the purple background of the mountains, the church that was the fulfillment of long years of pain and dread, of secret meetings, torture and uncertainty. Now we could meet in sweet fellowship at last and worship God together lovingly, wholeheartedly, and without fear.

"How much deep feeling can one stand?" I wondered as I stood looking at their church with the soft shadows of evening falling on it, and heard the story of their years of hidden faith. They used to go off into the mountains as if to gather wood and then they would meet at some understood tryst and worship God together. They would often meet at midnight for prayer and to discuss their problems. They, also, were threatened with death by drowning at the same time as the Christians of the village of Mikasayama.

After the surrender of Japan, they built their church immediately. They built it in a week, and had it ready to worship in the next Sunday. They built of bamboo and the whole village worked together, so the work went quickly. The Japanese policeman still in charge there asked them, "What are you doing?"

"Building a church," they answered.

"I'll burn it down," he said.

"You'll have to burn us with it," they answered dauntlessly. Because Japan had surrendered, he did not dare to carry out his threat.

Before he was sent back to Japan, the people in the village gave him a dinner showing how Christians treat those who have treated them badly. They told him that when he went to Japan, he must try to hear the Gospel somewhere, and then come back to see them again.

"I realize now that the Gospel is not bad, but good," he told them, for by their kind treatment of him they had convinced him at last.

Out in the still depths of nature surrounded by towering mountains, there are certain hymns that seem innately appropriate. Almost without my volition, I felt impelled to play on the accordion the deep, sure, sweet, compelling hymn, "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood." I saw glad recognition in their eyes. It was a hymn they knew and loved, and we sang it all together. What a happy,

holy time we had together! It seems too wonderful to put into mere words. One thing we are convinced of is that God loves these people dearly, and that it is His Holy Spirit that has guided and protected them through anxious years, that "the Pentecost in the Hills" was not just a happy phrase, but was, in truth, a blessed reality.

On this first long trip in we visited many, many villages, usually as the first missionaries, and there was intense drama and human interest at each place.

I remember especially one meeting among the Paiwan tribe where they were hearing the Gospel for the first time. I had to play the accordion to gather the crowd for it was after dark. Often I walk down the path playing like the Pied Piper of old, and the crowd follows me, and I lead them along to a central meeting place. This village had no lights of any kind so the people made a huge bonfire which was our only light and which gave a wild barbaric semblance to everything. After the service was over and the Gospel had been presented to them in song and story, the chief arose to speak, a tall figure in the firelight.

"Early this morning we went to the seashore to have our Thanksgiving to God for the harvest," he said. "It is our custom to go to the seashore for that event. On the way it rained a little and that made us all happy for we believe that when it rains on our Thanksgiving Day, that is God promising us a blessing and a good harvest for the next season. On the way back we wondered what good thing was going to happen today, and then we heard you were coming tonight with a message about God, so we knew that this was the good thing it foretold. Since the time of our forefathers our people have not heard such good tidings as you have told us tonight. We believe in God, too. We want to know more about Him. We have never heard of Christ. We want you to come and tell us about Christ, and if you do, we will all believe."

As we left, the young girls of the village chanted a farewell song. Their voices had the high, light, sweet taut timbre of violin strains, something like the sighing of the winds through the treetops.

"Why didn't you come before? Will you come back again?" Their questions seemed to haunt us as much as the mute appeal in their eyes and even before we had returned to our side of the mountains, we were making plans to return again to the mountains to shepherd our people in the hills.

At another place on the far East Coast, when my husband stepped off the train, he found a chief and six hundred of his braves lined up to welcome him.

They said, "We want to become Christians."

"Where did you hear the Gospel?" the missionary asked, and this is the story they told him.

The Japanese took the young men to be soldiers in the Japanese army. When they took them, they warned them never to allow themselves to be captured by the Americans for they said, "The Americans will not only torture you, but they will kill you and eat you." The simple mountain people believed this. Thousands of their young men were taken, and were used by the Japanese to lead the attack on Bataan. Because they were mountain men, they could climb mountains easily and were placed in the forefront of the battle in that climb. They were killed by the thousands. Perhaps it was when the Americans returned to the Philippines that the chief's son was wounded and captured by the Americans. He was not tortured, not killed and eaten. Instead, he was treated kindly. A doctor took care of his wound, he had better food to eat than ever before in his life and when the war was over he was returned to Formosa. He went back into the hills and told his people his experience.

"The Japanese lied to us," he said. "The Americans are not like that — not at all as they described them."

They all knew how the Japanese had treated their prisoners, for about one thousand American prisoners of war and five hundred English had died in the prison camps of Formosa alone, due mostly to poor food and ill-treatment. Yet the Americans had treated their prisoners kindly.

So the mountain people called a great council to consider this question, "What makes the Americans different?"

In a mountain council hundreds of men attend, often a thousand. They sit on the ground and then, in an orderly way, one after another, different ones rise and address the council.

This time, after several speeches, it was decided that the difference between the Japanese and Americans in their treatment of prisoners was fundamentally that of religion. They knew the Japanese were Shintoists, but what were these Americans? Finally one said, "They are Christians." So they decided, "Well, let's be Christians then."

So when they heard that a Christian missionary had arrived on the island and would come to the far East Coast, they came down from the mountains to meet him with their request, "We want to become Christians."

Stories of how the Gospel was spread among the people are revealed even today in the personal testimonies of individuals.

So grew the mustard seed, so spread the Gospel through the mountains, in spite of persecution and torture and death, until at the end of the war, there were thousands in the Kingdom who were not there before.

CHAPTER FOUR

Bath in a pigpen

My husband and I made many trips into the mountains to encourage the Christians in the new churches, and to teach them more of the Bible and the Saviour whom they loved. The trips were not always easy, for the mountains are still rugged and primitive, and there were complications of weather and paths, typhoons and washed-out roads.

Another missionary wife and I went into the mountains with a Formosan Chinese pastor. We wanted to go to Mikasa because we had promised we would come again, and I felt I should do it before the schools opened, as after that I would be busy teaching.

It was raining a little in Hwalien when we left, but not much, and there had been no word of a typhoon. By the time our train reached Giok-li, we realized there had been heavy rains there, for all the terraced rice fields were turned into miniature waterfalls. When we got off the train, we knew that the wind and rain presaged a typhoon. We reached the little Japanese inn safely, and then the storm came. The whole town was battened down and huddled in darkness, waiting for the fury of the storm to pass.

The next morning we found we were surrounded by water. Many houses were flooded and the streets were rushing rivers. No one dared to go out. Our inn was not flooded, but the water stood within a couple of inches of the floor. It was like being on a stationary boat. Fortunately,

we had brought some food along, so we endured no hardship.

That night we learned that the whole town was in a state of alarm. They told me, "We are afraid that all Giok-li will be lost."

"Why?"

"There is an old dam above the town in the mountains holding back a lake. It has not been repaired for more than twenty years. We have never had as much rain, and we think the dam might break tonight. People are preparing ropes and boards to tie their children on to ride out the flood."

"Why not all escape now?" I asked.

They answered, "The town is already surrounded by water. There is no way out." Then as they left, our Job's comforters flung back one more remark, "This inn would go fast in a flood!"

We had no boards or ropes, so we just committed ourselves to the Heavenly Father's care and went to sleep. Morning found us still alive, but marooned amidst rushing waters with the threat of the dam above us. We were held a week in Giok-li imprisoned by water, but we enjoyed happy fellowship together, and with the help of our Chinese pastor we translated another Child Evangelism book into the Formosan Chinese.

Three times the people from Mikasa came down the mountain, twice to warn us not to come as the paths were dangerous, and the third time to tell us that they had repaired the way and would now lead us up. (The path a mountain man considers passable is not necessarily the kind we would consider passable!)

The railroad tracks and bridges had been washed out for many miles on either side of Giok-li by the flood. Everyone prophesied that we would be stranded in this community for months, if not a year. But with mountain men, nothing

seems impossible, for they have ingenuity plus determination and resourcefulness.

Did you ever cross a railroad bridge where all the understructure has been washed? We had to cross several where only the two rails were left with railroad ties clinging uncertainly to them, long bridges, and no support below. We looked down to fearsome depths below, far below, saw a rushing torrent. and knew that if we missed our footing on the tie, or if the staple head holding to the rail was twisted, the outcome was not in doubt.

A mountain man would take my hand for steadiness, for the height alone made me dizzy. That made it doubly dangerous, for there were two people on a tie. We would step out on faith on these sagging rails, for they hung down dejectedly like a hammock, and somehow we would get across. I could never, never do it if it were not for Christ's sake. Somehow one can do anything for Him.

We crossed several raging rivers, for the recent typhoon had made all rivers deep, treacherous and tempestuous, and we used all sorts of methods for crossing, for the mountain people have ingenuity and are used to nature's problems.

At one place a huge, wide, iron bridge had been washed from its moorings downstream where it was upended on one side, swaying in the rushing current. We had to climb up thirty feet in the air and edge cautiously along its upper edge, barefoot, as they thought we might slip if we wore shoes. On the opposite bank we could see the aborigines watching. "They are either praying for us or laying wagers as to whether or not we will get across alive," I whispered to Eugenia, the other missionary wife.

We finally reached Mikasa, and found that they had in great love constructed a bedroom for us right next to the church so that we could stay there comfortably. We were weary and dirty and perspiring, but the people gathered

at once in the church, so we had to have a service of worship for them.

After the service the Formosan Chinese pastor said to me, "I think I am going to be able to arrange a bath for both of you."

"A bath?" I could hardly believe it, for the aboriginal houses are tiny and full of people. How could one have privacy for a bath in the mountains! But he managed it.

It was in the pigpen. The pig was there, a large one, but they moved him into the next stall. They heated the water in the huge iron kettle they used when butchering a pig. They threw down a clean board for us to stand on in the pigpen and gave us pails of hot water. The pigpen was breast-high on three sides and the aborigines promised not to walk on the fourth side. Hot water and soap! What a luxury! "Oh, Eugenia, aren't we fortunate?" I said. Then I realized, "We are having a bath in a pigpen and we think we're privileged!" Well, all things are relative.

We had two days at Mikasa telling Bible stories with the flannelgraph and having clinics, for Eugenia was a trained nurse. They are so pitiful, those who are sick among them, and this time we could bind up the ulcers and sores, give quinine to those in the throes of malaria.

One evening we asked them if they would like to ask questions about health and sickness, and after a while, the chief arose and said, "We thank you for offering to tell us, but we would rather hear about God. We believe that if we are right with God, all other things will follow."

After two days at Mikasa, men arrived from the village of Yamaseito and said they were going to take us there. We had heard from the beginning that this was going to be difficult. Once before when I went there four men had tried to carry me across the swift mountain stream in a sedan chair. We were just out in the middle of the stream, the carriers almost shoulder-deep in the water, when, horri-

fied, I beheld a huge water snake riding the water, coming straight for us! If I jumped out and into the water I would still be right in his path! If I remained where I was, he was headed right for me! The men carriers saw him, too, and being nature's men, they instinctively knew what to do. They all shouted at once, and the snake swerved and passed behind us!

This time, because of the typhoon, the beautiful, swift mountain stream had become a torrent, treacherous and deep. However, our determined mountain men had found a way. We had to climb a steep, steep mountain. It seemed straight up and then straight down. We had to wade through many mountain streams and the path wound about deviously. I slipped on a stone and fell into one stream, but luckily it was clean, cool water, and I really enjoyed my unexpected dip. We had to cross another swinging bridge which seemed in the last stage of decay. Eventually we reached our destination, and once again experienced that deep, rich harmony of Christian fellowship that had been so sweet a memory.

We had planned to spend a day and a half there, and then go on to another place, but on the last morning one of their leaders appeared. He said something to the Formosan pastor with us, and I heard the pastor give a sharp exclamation of surprise.

The pastor said to me in English, "They say that they are going to keep you. They are not going to allow you to go."

A warning sounded within me, "Tread softly here—this is dangerous ground!"

I told the pastor to tell them, "We came to make you happy and satisfied, and if you want us to stay longer, we will be glad to do so. However, we must think together how we can keep the next place from being disappointed."

Their air of belligerency disappeared like dew. They were

like children who wanted desperately for us to stay longer, but not knowing the ways of polite society of establishing their claim for us to remain, they used the way they knew, the threat of force.

We discussed several plans with them, and finally it was decided that Mrs. MacIllwaine, the other missionary wife, would go on to the next place to hold a service, while the pastor and I remained an extra half day at Yamaseito.

At the third village, Roposan, the church is among the Tyal people, but adjoining their village is a large settlement of the Bunan tribe. Only three families among the Bunans were Christian. We found our Christian Tyals burdened with sadness that they had not been able to make more converts among the Bunans.

The pastor with us suggested that we go into the Bunan settlement and call on their chief and invite them all to come to the church that night. The chief was courteous and friendly. He had a bugle blown and his people quickly assembled from every direction.

"Prepare and eat your supper at once," he told them. "Then gather here again and I will lead you down to the church."

We waited for them and then the chief led the motley procession in the dark and we accompanied them playing the accordion.

The Christian Tyals at Roposan had waited for our coming with as much anticipation as those at Mikasa and Yamaseito. But now, with supreme unselfishness, they gave all the seats in their church to their Bunan guests, so they might have every opportunity to hear about God. The Tyals stood outside the windows looking in.

It was the first time the Bunans had been in a church. We were telling the story of Christ and Nicodemus, and when we used the flannelgraph picture of Christ on the Cross, there was jeering unbelief. If they had jeered at me,

I wouldn't have minded, but when they scoffed at Christ on the Cross, the hurt ran deep!

When I finished, the pastor took over. I have never heard him speak as well, and the people quieted into breathless silence until finally we could have heard a pin drop. They left, not noisy and careless as they had entered, but quiet and thoughtful. The chief was at the road to see us off the next morning, and invited us to come again.

The Holy Spirit worked in the hearts of the Bunan tribe, and today a church stands at Roposan among the Bunan people, and many have come to a knowledge of Christ as their Saviour, and God as their Father in heaven.

The last afternoon at Roposan while we were having a meeting and I was playing an accordion for their singing, a messenger arrived. He was perspiring and breathless and even as I played he handed a note to me.

These new Christians were indefatigable about learning the hymns, especially while they had the accordion there to help them. While they were choosing the next hymn, I opened the note. It was from the pastor at Giok-li.

"Sun Bok-su niu, I beg of you do not try to start out to walk to Hwalien. No one has come through from Hwalien, so we know the road is not open." The message was urgent in tone, but I knew I had to get back to Taipeh as school was opening and I had to help teach. So quickly I wrote an answer.

"I have received your message and noted that no one has come through so the road is not opened, so I hasten on my way—to open the road!"

With great satisfaction I realized that by the time he received this message, I would be a day's journey on the way, and no one could overtake me.

However, I knew the trip would be well-nigh impossible, and so I engaged eight men to go with us. Mountain men know how to cope with nature's difficulties. They can gauge

the depth of water in a stream, the probable swiftness of the current, where the shallow places are or stepping stones, how to fell a tree across a narrow stream, when one can swing on hanging vines. If there was any possible way to return to Hwalien, our mountain men would bring us through.

It took three days, long days of steady walking to reach Hwalien. We crossed innumerable streams, and some rivers. Some bridges were like spider web bridges, the underpinning washed away and only the rails left with the ties uncertainly attached — surely He sent His angel to lead us over these places.

At the last river they told us seven had been drowned there the day before. "They were holding hands and trying to ford the river, and the leader stumbled and they all were lost."

It was miles and miles of walking, through tunnels, across sandy, stony stretches, climbing, slipping, falling, always going on, sixty miles in all. Our feet were bruised and blistered into open sores, we were brown and burned by the sun, but in three days we arrived — home!

Two of the Mikasa men came all the way to Taipeh with us. I called in our Formosan Christian women and told them, "Sixty per cent of the babies die in the mountains, partly because they have no adequate clothes."

They brought in more women and in a day and a half we made over sixty baby garments for the Mikasa men to take back, and the mission hospital gave us medicines for them to take back to all three places.

CHAPTER FIVE

"Where I have made the way"

Another time we went up into the mountains to bring the message of salvation to a community of aborigines. An aboriginal woman went with us to lead the way. Three times she had come and begged us to go with her, but this was the first time we had found it possible to go. As we climbed the long, winding mountain path we talked together. She told us that her father was eighty-seven years old, and that her family had four generations alive, which was rare in their tribe. She told us of another man of their tribe who had become blind at sixty years of age; at eighty years he had regained his sight and he lived to be 103, the oldest they had ever known. She said most of her people were impatient with old people, but she personally loved them and liked to hear them tell of the traditions of their people. From this old, old man, she had heard the story of the earliest history of their tribe.

Their tribe lived then in the center of the island, all in one great sprawling village. They were afraid of the wild animals in the woods, and they lived together in one place for the sake of companionship. Finally, there was one man braver and with a greater vision than the others, who said, "We should divide and go out into different places in the mountains and on this island, develop more communities, and become a greater, richer people. We should possess more land."

Then he told the other men, "I will go out alone. If in thirty days, I have not returned, then seven men must follow me, one at a time. Follow my trail, for I will cut the vines along the way, and you will know the trail by the withered vines when you come. I will kill the wild animals along the way, and encounter all dangers first. FEAR NOT TO FOLLOW WHERE I HAVE MADE A WAY!"

"So he went out alone," she said. "The people then had no calendar. They kept track of the days by tying a knot in a string each night, until there were thirty of them, and he had not returned."

Then the first man followed. He found the trail, the withered vines, and every night he found a little grass hut constructed where their leader had spent the night. One by one the seven men followed, and they found him at last over a far range of mountains on the East Coast with an infected foot and swollen knee, unable to walk. They carried him home to die. Before he died, he told them, "Every place where I built a grass hut, you must establish a village. FOR YOU MUST FOLLOW WHERE I HAVE MADE THE WAY."

She went on quietly, "Today in every place he made a hut, a village of ours is standing. He is the one who led us out."

Sometimes on our mountain climb we would ride in the little push-car, which runs on a narrow-gauge railway, swooping down the slopes into valleys, climbing again toward the purple height of the mountains above us, slipping suddenly over little bridges with no sides and perilous depths below, while the sky and clouds with everchanging colors and the mountains on every hand made scenes of breath-taking beauty on every side. We traveled all day and reached our destination at night. After a bath and a bowl of hot rice, we heard that a crowd had assembled.

After we had spoken to them about Christ and taught them some Christian songs, I began to teach them some Bible

stories with the aid of the flannelgraph. Li Goat-Iau, the aboriginal woman who had led us there, was my interpreter. While I was telling them the story of Christ and Nicodemus and wondering in my heart if I was making it plain enough for those who had never heard the Gospel to understand its spiritual message, there was a stir at the door and a group of men, commanding in appearance, came in. I could see that Li Goat-Iau was disturbed, but she soon regained her poise and went on.

After the meeting was over, the group of men came to our room, and talked a long time. There was something I had not known about that series of villages in the mountains. Li Goat-Iau had been their leader, respected and loved by all, and a power in deciding all policies. One of the men of the group that had entered was an aboriginal doctor who had been educated in Japan. He was obviously a leader, too, and between the two leaders there had been some bitter episodes.

The next day Li-Goat-Iau told me, "I got up early this morning and went to the doctor's house at dawn. I told him, 'Let us both be born again as Jesus said Nicodemus must be. Then we can forget the past entirely and start from now living a new life the Christian way.' " There, in the dawn, the leaders made peace and a pact to start a new life.

We had taught the children to sing, "Come to Jesus Just Now." When we went down the mountain, the day we left, we could see a line of children coming down a mountain path, and seeing us, their clear voices raised the song, "Come to Jesus Just Now," and the sound of their voices floating down to us was sweet. They had learned quickly — why couldn't we have time to teach them more? But in every direction people are waiting, waiting, waiting, as the sands of time run out.

It is surely the Holy Spirit who has made the way in Formosa by opening men's hearts to the Gospel. Do you

remember the two commandments of the hero in their tradition? FEAR NOT TO FOLLOW WHERE I HAVE MADE THE WAY, and then his dying words, FOR YOU MUST FOLLOW WHERE I HAVE MADE THE WAY. The Holy Spirit has made the way here, and it is now the responsibility of Christians all over the world to heed that last command — to follow where He has made the way.

Kap-pan-soe was our nearest place in the mountains and also the most difficult. Every time we went there we were frustrated by seemingly strange coincidence. It was a center for thirty-three villages untamed and untaught for the most part. Sometimes when we went there, intending to go into the interior, an order would come from the police, "Do not allow the foreigner to enter. The people have been drinking and are not in condition to hear the Gospel." Sometimes a storm would wash the bridges away. Only once did my husband get in there to the hinterland, and then he had to walk for nine hours to reach the next village. Long distances are common in the mountains, but when they involve climbing steep slopes, slipping, sliding, maneuvering over vine-made bridges, narrow and swaying over chasms beneath, it is a harder trip than mere mileage would indicate.

Our only light in that dark place was Li Goat-Iau. She was an unusual woman even before she became a Christian. She sat on the legislature of her province, the highest possible position for an ordinary citizen to achieve. She worked indefatigably for her people, the mountain people, presenting their needs, solving their problems, advising, admonishing. But she saw with the clarity of her unusual mind that the law alone could not redeem her people from the dreadful sins they were committing, the bad habits that were enslaving them after their contact with civilization. She sought us out as Christians and begged us to come speak to her people. After hearing the Message, she was convicted

of its truth. We arranged for her to stay at one of our churches and engaged a teacher to instruct her for several months until she could read her Bible and understand the teaching in it.

She went back to the mountains aglow with purpose to bring the story of salvation to her people. She went back and met persecution, for Satan was still there, alert to check her. She went through the mountain villages preaching, and the people heard her gladly. But an enemy went to the government officials and said, "Li Goat-Iau is using Christianity as a cloak to turn her people against the government, for now they are beginning to respect the Christian pastors more than they do the government officials." Her activities were then sharply checked, her freedom curtailed, and she was kept under strict surveillance in her own home, as if she had committed a crime.

But the officials came to her with fair-sounding words: "If you will give up this Christian doctrine entirely and not preach it any more, we will set you at liberty as before."

She answered them, "To the end of time, I will not forsake God. It is useless to ask me to do that. But I have not spoken against your government. I am trying to teach my people to be good, and keep the laws and stop drinking and doing evil things."

Somehow we received permission to hold a Bible Study Conference at her home through a Christian in the government, and we went into the hills. Some of the mountain people were afraid to come because they knew that Li Goat-Iau was being watched, but thirty to forty came from far-off places, walking two days over the mountains to come, their Bibles in their hands, wanting to hear more and learn more. We have never had a more blessed and happy conference than this one held under the shadow of His Wings. As I left, Li Goat-Iau told me, "I am not discouraged, for

already I have eight Christians here, whom I believe are truly born-again Christians, four women and four men. We meet regularly for worship and they will do anything for Christ. One of the men plans to enter the Theological College in the fall, and two more to go to Bible School." Then she added words that Christians everywhere should pray will, please God, come true, "A fire has been kindled here that never will go out."

She was overburdened with sorrow that her people in the villages comparatively near had missed this conference because of fear. "They are missing much by not being here, and they need it so," she mourned.

One of the four women there who now believes in Christ is a widow with several children. She is a midwife. She told us that one night she was called to go to a home, and that before her on the lonely mountain path in the moonlight a huge snake suddenly reared its ugly head. It was lying directly across the path. She could not turn back, for the woman in distress lay beyond. She remembered one of the choruses we had translated into their language and taught them.

> Absolutely tender, absolutely true,
> Understanding all things, understanding you;
> Infinitely lovely, comfortingly near,
> This is God my Father, *what have I to fear?*
> —*Anonymous*

There in the moonlight, facing the snake, she sang the song aloud softly to comfort herself, and then she prayed. She raised her head from praying to see the snake gliding away, and so she went on her way still in her Father's care.

Do the people at home ever wonder what the missionaries think as the tidal wave of communism moves inexorably nearer until it seems to stand threateningly above us? It makes us anxious, but not for ourselves. Let me tell you a story, a true story of only a few years ago. When the

Taiwanese revolted against the government here, some of the tribes of the hills wanted to join the fray. The Christians among the tribes came to the Formosan pastors for advice. "Take no part in it," the pastors told them sternly. They went back to the hills and reported their decision. Those who were not Christians and who wanted to join in the fight retaliated swiftly and with subtle cruelty. "If you don't join us and fight," they told them, "then we will kill your pastors." Horrified and sick at heart, the Christians warned the pastors and begged them to be careful. They would gladly have died themselves if necessary, but to have the pastors killed, their beloved leaders, that they could not bear.

Dear friends at home, we do not fear for ourselves. We are only afraid that the communists will not kill us, but kill something we value more than life itself, the work that has been built up here for His dear sake, the work of the Kingdom. That we cannot bear to think about, and it is that which makes us anxious.

CHAPTER SIX

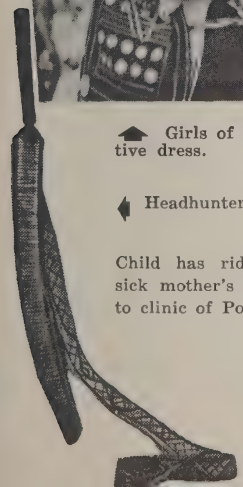
"What if we had not come?"

In the book *Queens Die Proudly* by W. L. White, the aviator who tells the story mentions that once he slipped down through the clouds and, to his dismay, saw "the big, black, ugly hulk of Formosa." He climbed hastily out of sight, and hastened away. I wanted to protest to him then, across the world of time and space, that Formosa was not like that. Formosa is a Portuguese word meaning "beautiful," and Formosa *is* beautiful.

One can stand on a mountaintop there and look away to where mountain after mountain lifts unbelievably graceful lines in the blue-tinted haze of muted distance, where the rice fields gleam dazzlingly radiant in bright green terraces that climb the near-by slopes, glinted with irrigation streams that sparkle like diamonds in the sunshine. One can stand where clear, rushing mountain streams hurl themselves exuberantly through untouched wilderness or become quiet in deep, still pools that seem age-old and mysterious, or drop over cliffs in lovely misty waterfalls; one can stand on cliffs that rise sheer out of the sea for over thirteen hundred feet to where the road is carved out of the cliff-face, while above the road the cliff continues to rise for hundreds of feet; one can walk on a narrow path back into the hinterland where only the mountain people live, where in places even the path is of the finest marble, as are some of the cliffs, and one can walk along white sandy shores stretching for miles where

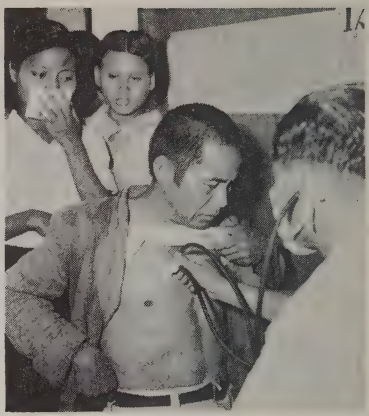
▲ Eighty per cent of the mountain people of Formosa are suffering from T.B. Living and cooking outdoors, they suffer from exposure and lack of food.

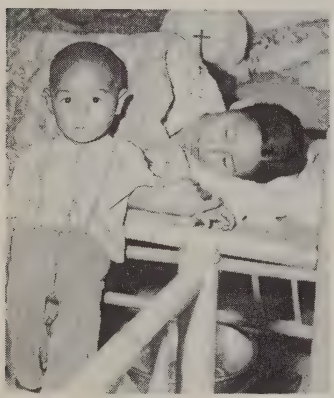
▲ Girls of the Ami Tribe in native dress.



◀ Headhunter's knife.

Child has ridden many miles on sick mother's back as she trudged to clinic of Po-li. ▶





(TOP LEFT) Bamboo Clinic at Sin-chu; (TOP RIGHT) Dr. Sia treats Aborigines with T.B. at Po-li Clinic; (CENTER LEFT) Mother of the Tyal Tribe, ill with T.B. at Po-li Clinic . . . child stays with mother as he has no other place to go; (CENTER RIGHT) Mrs. Dickson treats mountain people at Po-li; (BOTTOM) Mountain people listen to Gospel before receiving treatment for T.B.

the blue rollers of the deep Pacific march in with almost monotonous regularity.

The fertile plains of Formosa are beautiful and speak of peace and plenty and the deep contentment of simple living. Even the war with its years of cruel anxiety did not touch the life here too severely. But back in the deep rugged mountains of the interior the story is different. The war (and the years after the war when the doors were comparatively open for the outside world to step in) exerted influences that awoke the mountain people out of a sleep of centuries. Customs that were age-old were suddenly abandoned and new habits formed, rituals that were almost religion with them were derided and scoffed at. The mountain people faced a bewilderingly new world of change, and they could not adapt themselves to it. Sickness, disease, ill-nourishment, tuberculosis and infant mortality swept over the tribes with devastating results. It was then that the mercy of God was manifest, as He bade those who love Him to organize succor on their behalf.

The Mennonites, in response to a plea, came and organized a Relief Team — a Medical Mobile Unit — to go into the mountains from village to village, reaching the people where they were. These Christian people believed that "the deed ye do is the prayer ye pray," and their plans were practical. They had worked for almost two years on the far East Coast before they came to the West Coast and I had a chance to join them.

The first time I went with them, we went by truck to the center at the foot of the mountains where they kept their medical supplies given to them by UNRRA and ECA, and where they had a simple hostel. Before we could leave in the morning, mothers with sick babies had arrived from the mountains, probably having walked for hours, even in the dark of before-dawn, their mother-hearts sick with worry for the little lives that flicker out so easily in the mountains.

As soon as they were taken care of, we climbed into the big truck. There were six unit members, including four Formosan Chinese men, two of whom were doctors, one a dispenser and the other an evangelist who also had had medical experience, and the American Mennonite, Mr. Glen Graber, who was in charge of the unit. The truck lumbered over impossible roads, through deep-rutted narrow passes, avoided wayward boulders and splashed through at least three mountain streams casually, as if that is always the way one crosses streams!

Deep in the mountains, the truck finally had to stop, and sturdy mountain men arrived who divided the medicines into baskets and bundles to be carried up the mountain-side. From then on the way was walking and sometimes climbing steeply for two hours or more, until we reached the little village of Bai-ka. Bai-ka was on a plateau, and at the edge of the plateau was a huge rock, probably called in their language "Outlook Rock" for it overlooked the valley for miles below. That rock was thickly populated with school children when we arrived, who had perched there during their noon hour, watching the slow progress of the unit group toiling up from the valley below. Their eager brown faces were alight with interest, and their dark eyes flashed warm welcome.

The next three days left me in a sort of daze. I had never seen so much open misery before. The people came crowding in, about five hundred a day, having walked long distances, and one's heart was torn with pity for them. Great open sores, deep infections, untended wounds, bronchitis, pneumonia, tuberculosis, scabies — every misery known to man seemed to be here in its most distressing form. The babies would be covered with scabies from head to foot, and often it had developed into great crusted sores.

Three times a day we had worship services with the people, morning, noon and night, teaching them our Chris-

tian songs with the accordions, and telling them the gospel of love in the simplest possible language. Of far greater impact than our songs and messages, however, was the feeling that went forth from our hearts to their hearts, telling them that we loved them. Because they are a primitive people, they have highly developed instincts, and they use instinct rather than mental analysis to ascertain people's motives. If we had given them service without love, they would have known it, and being a proud people, although they accepted the service, there would have been in their hearts only cold disdain for us. But when we gave them service with love, they knew that, too, and they answered with warm, impetuous friendship, with love that we hope will soon sweep them into the Kingdom of God.

The next village we went to was still farther into the mountains. We again left the truck and, with mountain men carrying our medicines, climbed on a narrow path for a few hours. Then we entered a mountain pass and it was as if we had stepped into a corridor which led us back hundreds of years, for civilization and all its trappings were left behind. The trail went up and down and occasionally meandered, but mostly it was up and up and up, and in some places it was so steep one felt that even a fly would have difficulty clinging to the mountainside. Mountain people whom we met along the way surveyed us with unbelief, and said that no foreigners had ever come into the mountains that far before.

At noon we rested, spent, exhausted and hot. The carriers doffed their shirts and looked cool and comfortable and natural against that wild, rugged background of mountain scenery. To slice my bread for lunch I had to borrow a mountain knife, the kind that was formerly used for cutting off human heads.

It took us eight hours to reach our destination. The next morning, still weary from our climb, we wondered, "Are there any sick people here, was it worth-while to come so

far?" Then they started coming, and over eight hundred came the first day. They came from all over the mountain side, and sometimes from as far as three mountains away just to see the doctor. Seeing the hundreds pressing against the doors and windows of the crude building that served as a clinic and seeing their urgent need, I shivered, thinking, *What if we had not come?* And I felt sick at the thought.

Usually our fingers cannot work fast enough to keep up with the constant demand of dressings and otherwise ministering to their needs, but when I would have a breathing spell, I could hear the doctor's gentle insistent questioning of the women patients, "How many children have you had?"

Perhaps one would answer, "Ten."

"How many living now?"

"Two," perhaps the reply would be, and sometimes, "One." Thinking of the sorrow they had known, one wonders no more at the look of settled sadness on older women's faces, or why the handsome young girls become apathetic and uncaring. It may be that stolidity is their only defense for hearts so often well-nigh broken.

After several days more than over-full with preaching, healing and loving, it was time to start on our long trek home. The last night the people had a gathering in our honor, and the chief spoke to us, giving us their thanks.

"We thank you for coming so far, and bringing medicine and healing to our people," he said. "We thank you, too, for telling us the Gospel. We had never heard of Christ before. If you will send a teacher to teach us, we would all like to believe in Him, too."

CHAPTER SEVEN

"He had taken sixty heads . . ."

> The love of God, that dwarfs all human passion,
> Brighten the chequered path that we must tread,
> And give us faith to breast in fearless fashion
> The hills that lie ahead.

It was in the little village of Tek-tang where our Medical Unit has its hostel and medical supply center that I was introduced on a late Sunday afternoon to a man from the interior, a chief from a faraway village. He was dressed more or less conventionally, and the only indication that he was different was the tattooed tribal mark on his forehead, and a certan regal bearing, as if he had never been any man's slave. I knew he was studying me quietly, but piercingly, intently, in a way that no one does out in the world. Before such examination, one's heart is laid bare, even without a word being said. I tried unobtrusively to measure him, too, but mostly he was hopelessly inscrutable as far as I was concerned. We met, not as enemies, not as antagonists, but as strangers on the borderland of understanding.

Then, through an interpreter, he courteously invited me to come into the mountains to visit his village. It is never safe to promise a mountain person anything that one does not have full assurance that he can carry out, for they are direct and honest in what they say and they expect the same from others. I evaded answering, for fear my answer would be construed as a promise, but he was urgent and insistent.

Finally, the interpreter told me, "The Medical Unit is quite likely to go there," and so we told him that if it were at all possible, we would come. Later I heard that this chief had been a mighty warrior among his own people in the old days, and that he had taken over sixty heads. This news, coupled with the memory of my promise, made me thoughtful, but I determined not to worry about it beforehand.

The next day we started for another community far inland in a valley among high mountains. We went as far as we could by truck, and then with carriers to carry the medicines, we started the strenuous climb over the nearest mountain.

We had a busy time in this faraway spot, for almost a thousand patients appeared the first day, most of them having the appearance of coming from lonely, isolated homes. The poet speaks of "beauty born of murmuring sound, had passed into her face" — with these people, there is something of that nature, too. Only the young girls are beautiful, but young and old, men and women, girls and boys, have the look of having learned many of their lessons in Nature's school. There is a certain expression of calmness in their faces, of tranquility and repose, as contrasted with the fretfulness, irritation and fevered impatience of those from the outside world. Besides tranquility, there is a look of courage, self-reliance and instinctive and openhearted kindness. Accustomed to relying upon their instincts, they read our faces and hearts as easily as we read a book.

The second day, even in the midst of a busy clinic, I realized that something important was happening. A delegation had arrived from another village, and through an interpreter they presented their request to Mr. Graber, the American man in charge of the unit. Even if I could not understand their language, I knew that their request was couched with dignity and yet with a finality that seemed to

brook no hazard of nonacceptance. I listened intently while I worked. "This is from the village of the chief who invited us before," someone whispered to me.

Less than two weeks, and we were on our way to Gok-hiong, the village of that chief. It meant hours of climbing again, arduous climbing and precipitous descent. The paths are always intriguing and seem to invite one to loiter and enjoy the wonderful views, the restful shades, to sit by some mountain stream and dream an hour or two, or even to dream a day away. The paths we walk among mountain scenery are strewn with wistful longings. In my heart of hearts, I was secretly afraid of Gok-hiong, afraid of the chief who had invited us, afraid of what we might meet there. It was sheer will power, stretched to its limit, and a desire to go where Christ would want us to go, that planted my feet on that path and made me go forward.

> From prayer that asks that I may be
> Sheltered from winds that beat on Thee,
> From fearing when I should aspire,
> From faltering when I should climb higher,
> From silken self, O Captain, free
> Thy soldier who would follow Thee.
> —*Amy Wilson Carmichael*

We had been the first foreigners ever to go to Shran. At Gok-hiong a white man had once been seen, many years ago, a white Russian man selling cloth. We were to be the next foreigners. Gok-hiong had been insistent that we come. Why? That was what I wanted to know.

We were tired, perspiring, hungry as we rounded the last turn in the path and saw the village at long last. Our weariness was forgotten in a moment of delight and surprise, for before us, nestled in a curve of the mountains, as if held lovingly to its breast, rested the loveliest mountain village we had yet seen. Sheer above it and behind it, beautiful and melodramatic and unreal, a waterfall cascaded down

amid misty green trees. There were mountains on every side, folded together with mysterious valleys between, defined by errant wandering clouds which slipped into the gorges. Below it, the clear, cold mountain stream raced between rocks and boulders, the music of its waters always clearly heard, an undertone of magic for a place that already seemed unreal.

The children of the school lined the road ceremoniously as we approached; the chief and the head policeman of the village stood at the bridge to courteously greet Mr. Graber; and the young people stood in formal formation, too, to bow and greet us. Never had we received such a carefully prepared or more obviously sincere welcome. Why?

Our unit carries with it a threefold purpose — to present Christ as Saviour to all we meet, to heal disease and all manner of suffering and to love sincerely and deeply those people whose lives we are privileged to touch. During our services of worship while we taught the people to sing the Christian songs and to pray, and told them of God's love and the Saviour He had sent, between times of praying that the Holy Spirit would open their hearts so that they could understand these spiritual truths, one part of my heart kept thinking of the old chief. He was there, he was always there, and there was a sort of heartbreak in his eyes that upset me terribly and took all fear away in a moment. He was an old man, they told me, at least sixty-eight years old, although he looked still strong and vigorous. Was he perchance afraid of death and of meeting God with his hands so stained with blood? Could one pray for a man like that? Would God ever forgive him? The heartbreak in his eyes decided me. If ever a man needed a Saviour and forgiveness, this was the man, and not only so, he had reached the place where he was longing for both. Now I knew *why* we had come.

Our group planned together that we would pray especially for him and every day take him before the Throne of Grace

in prayer. He had no one else to pray for him. We were the natural ones to take him to God and ask for His forgiveness, and for His peace. Because this was a spiritual battle that was taking place, there was little one could say audibly about it. The second day, to our surprise, after the morning worship, before the great crowd of waiting patients, the chief came to the front and addressed the people.

"What is he saying?" I asked someone who understood.

"He is telling them all to believe in the Christian teaching so that they can live good lives," he answered. The third day I noticed he had a Bible in his pocket, as if he had been reading it and tucked it hastily away.

"His son already believes," someone told me, "and he wants to believe. He has a great hunger for God and for peace in his heart." Each day he stayed with us more, and when we left, I knew he did not want us to go away. Still, each day, we take him before God's Throne, and somehow have the assurance that he will believe deeply and truly and be forgiven!

We went on to the next village where there were over two thousand people to be attended to. It was another three hours' walk deeper into the mountains. We followed a path that wound around high cliffs overlooking beautiful vistas below. The mountains, streams, valleys, clouds, trees, butterflies and birds — would the magic of all this ever fail to charm us, I wondered? But when we arrived at the new place, I felt evil prepossessive, and terrible portent in the air. This was the devil's stronghold, and those who brought Christ and His message of love would meet evil in all its cunning forms here. We had, perhaps, a thousand people gathered outside under a great tree and the plain beyond listening to the Gospel message the first morning, and trying to sing the Christian songs. We had seven hundred and forty-five patients that first day in the clinic. But those in charge of making our arrangements were bland, evasive and

noncommital. I felt, "They want our medicines, but not Christ. They want our services, but not our love."

When we left this place my heart was heavy, thinking that Christ had not been warmly welcomed here. As I walked along the path slowly, trying to think it through, I met a group of school children. They greeted me, and then, as we parted, spontaneously and with one accord, out of hearts that were childlike and instinctive with pure intuition, they started to sing a song we had taught them, "Come and Believe in Jesus," as if reassuring me that they would not forget. It seemed an answer to the question in my heart as to whether we had accomplished our real purpose in coming. Their clear voices raised the song, and I sang with them, answering them until we were far apart. As I was about to go around a bend in the path far from the place I had met them, I looked across the valley and saw that the children were waiting there, watching me, before going around their bend in the path that would separate us from view. Then they waved, and from far across the valley I could hear their voices, sweet and high and thin, like violin notes, singing, "Come to Jesus, He will save you, Come to Jesus just now."

Our trips into the interior could never be in vain, I realized as I went on alone. I remembered that many times when we go back to new places for a second and third time, the people call when they see us, "Jesus has come," which is their short way of saying, "Those who preach Jesus have come!" If it is true that wherever messengers of the Gospel go, "Jesus has come," then it is true that Jesus has now come to many far places in the mountains of Formosa.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"The road is open —at last"

Whenever our Medical Mobile Unit starts out for the mountains, we know that adventure lies ahead, adventure with a capital "A." For we leave civilization behind, and go into the mountains where often no white people have been before, and we do not know what we will find.

When we started out for Koe-ke, first we went in the truck to Po-li. Po-li is a frontier town, the gateway into the mountains. When there was a gold rush in the mountains a few years ago, it was through Po-li that the fevered thousands poured. They entered the mountains, panned their gold, enough to allay their fever, and departed abruptly as the price went down. The inhabitants of Po-li are philosophical and seldom surprised. They have a "men-may-come-and-men-may-go" attitude as they go about their humble occupations of making a steady living, despite the flow of outside tides.

From Po-li we were directed to a certain road that led out of town and up a steep mountain on another swing-back road so narrow that there is no retreat after one has started on it. It was to a village of the Bunan tribe that we were going. Why must they build their homes on the top of a crag or mountain like eagles, or else down behind some crag where only the initiated can find them? We reached the village at sunset, just over the curve of the mountaintop, a level, fertile plain dotted with little homes. Children came running

out to the roadside to see us pass and clear mountain streams chuckled in a friendly "not-to-hurried" way along each side of the road. We found the schoolhouse, usually the site of our clinic, and the policeman in charge of the village gave us a tiny Japanese house of a vintage of long ago to serve as our temporary residence.

As usual we had a children's meeting first, for they spread the word of our arrival like wildfire. As our days of clinic work proceeded here, we learned a terrible truth, before which all civilization should stand ashamed and cowed. These people were like children, protected and isolated from the world and all contact with it by Japanese. After the war they found they had a new freedom, and like children released from school they went down to the towns on the plains to find out what the world was really like. Betrayed, deceived and tricked by the people there, they had encountered the most loathsome diseases and then retreated to their village in the mountains, sick and sad, like children hurt and bewildered. It was our fault, I told myself fiercely, the fault of Christians everywhere, that we did not meet them with Christ, before they met civilization in its most evil forms. Facing the Bunan people at our evening meetings, we could see the same look on their faces repeated hundreds of times — not hostile, but defensive, remote, suspicious and unutterably sad.

It rained and rained hard all the time we were at this village. One morning I watched some white ducks, ordinarily dazzlingly clean, waddle out to greet the day with their breasts all muddied. "Why are they muddy?" I wondered, and then I realized that with mud, mud everywhere, they had no clean place to go. With our Bunan young people with no church, no preacher, no helping hand of any kind reaching them, it is perhaps the same. There has been no clean place for them to go.

One fine-looking young man came for some medical care

to my part of the clinic. Something about his bearing made me feel that he had been away from the mountains, and that he was not an ordinary mountain man. Through an interpreter, I inquired, "Were you with the Japanese forces?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Where did you go?" I questioned again.

"Singapore, Manila," he answered.

"Did you ever hear the Gospel before?" we asked.

"Yes," he answered, "I heard it as a prisoner in the Solomons." We were all prisoners, when we first heard the Gospel, I thought to myself, prisoners of sin.

Besides telling villagers of God's love, we teach them to sing and pray. Fortunately they like to sing, and the songs sing themselves into their hearts to become a part of them forever. We do not know on what lonely mountain paths in early dawn or late at night they will sing them over again and again to themselves, or who will hear and heed them. The songs are like waves going out, far, far out to beat on unknown shores.

Our next village was Nagahara. It was impossible for the truck to go in to this place, so we left it in Po-li and took push-cars, which are something like hand-cars that run on a narrow-gauge railway, for an hour or so into the mountains, and from then on we walked for hours with mountain people as carriers to carry the medical supplies. The word "walk" is misleading. We climbed steeply on a rocky path up the mountains. The path is a path in dry weather, and when it rains it is a stream-bed. Climbing was difficult, strenuous and breath-taking. Then came the descent at last, and this was precipitous, through thick woodland, a tortuous rocky path, at times a stream, at times just stones. One longs to be Tarzan or Tarzan's wife at least, so as to swing from branch to branch or tree to tree overhead, and avoid that path of twisted roots and rocks and water.

At last the descent ended and also the path, abruptly, in the middle of a rushing mountain stream. "Take off your shoes and wade and just go down the stream," the mountain girls called to us pleasantly, as if this were a natural occurrence. It was not quite knee-deep, but the waters were rushing, and there were few if any stepping-stones. *I believe "Eliza-crossing-the-ice" had an easier time than this*, I thought to myself ruefully as I plunged around uncertainly in the water, trying to find firm footholds. Of course, she had the urge of slave drivers behind her, and I only had good-natured mountain people. Slave drivers might make one more agile.

After about a block of this watery road, the path reappeared on the opposite bank, leading invitingly to a tree trunk laid across a deep gorge. We had to walk barefoot across the tree trunk, too, in order to be sure not to fall. We have to wade so many streams that now it has become a matter-of-fact occurrence. We reached Nagahara, shoes saturated, one heel gone, clothes soiled and besmirched with mud, but we were there, the first foreigners ever to have reached that place.

Early the next morning, I saw more clearly that we were in a beautiful place, for eight waterfalls cascaded down the mountains opposite like silver ribbons laced into deep green foliage. There are few things more beautiful than a white bird flying, the deep blue of folded mountains in the background, the bright green of rice fields beneath. In the somber dusk of before dawn, though, even the white birds seemed solemn and still. Although the sun had not yet risen, I could see weary figures coming up paths from the valley in the soft blue mist of early morning. I knew our patients were arriving, and I knew too that the great responsibility of giving them God's message would be laid on our shoulders. It is a glad privilege and high honor to be entrusted by God with His message, but we feel unworthy

and not wise or clever enough to be the ones to speak the words that should awaken their hearts. I thought of the world outside from which I had come, a world engrossed in a war with nations watching, as if watching a football game, a world brilliant, restless, energetic, sinful, pressing on its way, while these people in the mountains were secluded as if in a vacuum, or in a long dream like Rip Van Winkle. When they awaken really, what will they find? Perhaps a world that has destroyed itself — and will they wonder why? We are giving them the one thing that is indestructible, "Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away."

We had over seven hundred patients that day in the clinic. The Medical Team of six forgot its exhaustion of the day before, so engrossed were they with serving the people. During the day three evangelistic meetings were held, the morning and noon ones held out-of-doors because of the crowds.

When evening came the soft, haunting shadows of the twilight, violet and dark blue among the mountains around us, made us forget the miseries we had seen through the day. A gentle breeze brought healing, and we forgot the fevered rush of the day. The bright green of the rice fields and the dark green of the trees were blended, and the sun went down a deep, sweet, rose color. And yet, the lengthening shadows from the west touched first the people in the valleys. I thought of the caption of a picture I had known, "The Sunset of a Dying Race." Who would have taken care of these people if we had not come? Who would care for them when we went away? Where were the people who should have been trying to bring them home to heaven? To live amid scenes of marvelous natural beauty is not enough. They would have to have a knowledge of God and the Saviour in order to become noble and happy and purposeful.

On our last night, they told us they wanted to show

us their native folk dances. In the silver moonlight we watched the graceful motions of the young girls. Every movement they made seemed like poetry in action. I knew these dances were handed down to the tribes from hundreds of years ago, but where then did they originate? As I watched I guessed it was from the clouds. But the plaintive chants that accompany them — why are they always wistful, always yearning? There is a minor note in all their singing that is in their eyes, marvelous, lustrous, big dark eyes filled with unanswered questions.

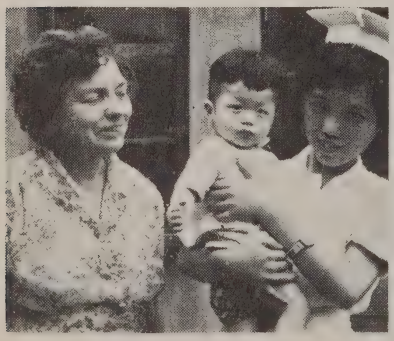
Often in the mountains there are landslides after the rain. Over and over again we have heard that some road is closed because of a landslide. Sometimes, after several days of waiting, the word comes through, the glad news, "The road is open — at last!" For over fifty years no foreigners were allowed by the Japanese to go into the mountains to preach to the tribes, nor were the Formosans allowed to give them the Gospel. The road was closed. But now, since the war, with government permission, "The road is open — at last!" The road is open for Christ to enter, for men who love Him to preach the good news to the tribes who have waited so long. But we need the help of Christians at home to help with this mountain work, to support it quickly, generously, intelligently, the medical work and the new evangelistic work, lest the world swing on its cycle and again the road be closed.

(TOP) Churches of the mountain people are simple. Church at Po-li, with simple altar and bamboo benches. Other two churches are made largely of bamboo. (BELOW) Mountain pastors at Pastors' Conference at Po-li conducted by Dr. Bob Pierce, president of World Vision.

Mrs. Dickson was brought to America to appear on the "It Could Be You" TV broadcast honoring Bob Pierce. Left to right, Dr. Pierce, Master of Ceremonies Bill Leyden, Lillian Dickson and drugs presented for her mountain clinics. She also received an X-ray machine.

Mrs. Dickson, Jim Dickson, Daughter Marilyn and a Chinese orphan whom the Dicksons are caring for in their home.

Lillian Dickson and nurse Grace Eng with a baby of a leprous parent.



CHAPTER NINE

"The baby is probably dead . . ."

One morning before the sun was up, I heard voices calling urgently, and our doctor and others answering. Finally someone told me what was happening. A mother was in childbirth down in a little hut in a cluster of houses below, and she had been in labor since the day before. People had finally become frightened and sent to us for help. Ordinarily we do only clinic work, but this was an emergency that no one could refuse. The doctor asked me to go with him.

We reached the little village by a devious path that meandered casually through a couple of rushing streams without benefit of footbridges or steppingstones. Mountain paths are always happenstance. The home was a tiny hut with a dirt floor, dark as a cave, with no windows. The only light came through the open door, and from a wood fire built on the floor. After accustoming our eyes to the darkness, we found the woman we had come to see lying on a bamboo platform, which is their kind of bed, in a dark corner. I remembered the dour prophecies of some of the doctors on our team before we had left, "The baby is probably dead already."

Dr. Wong, our Formosan doctor, is young and is only a new believer in Christ, but he has a steady, shining faith. As we stood before the dark bed and the suffering woman, we first had prayer together to God. The hours that followed were long for all concerned.

Once there crept in an old, old woman. She looked at

least a hundred years old, and it seemed that the years had given her wise kindliness. She started crooning a chant so softly that it blended with the music of falling waters outside, and as she crooned, she rocked her body softly, gracefully, holding the mother with tender arms, and putting a few grains of millet into her mouth. Was it a charm she was working, or did it carry the mother back to the time she had been a child in her mother's arms? Whatever it was, it comforted her and the others present were also hushed by the soft, wild, musical chant.

At last the baby was born, a beautiful, perfect, baby boy. They had prepared hot water in their deep heating tin, and I bathed the baby in a frying pan, the only utensil big enough to hold it. Then I wrapped it in clean gauze for swaddling clothes. As the baby lay in my lap with my arms around him, I looked out through the open door to the far mountains where the sun was breaking through, throwing down a light that was lovely and radiant after the night of rain. There were peace and ecstasy in my heart, and there were peace and ecstasy in the faces of all the mountain people gathered around us, chattering softly and happily in their native world. We had more than that to rejoice over. We rejoiced that our God had answered prayer. The highest moment, however, was when we gave the baby back to his mother, now sitting up smiling on the edge of her bed. There was a light in her eyes that rivaled the light on the mountains for radiance, a light that hushed all words on our lips. We went back along the rough path again, weary, but at peace with the world, our hearts singing a tuneless song perhaps, but the words were surely, "God is good!"

After four or five days at Mantai, we walked on for several hours to Kantaban. Kantaban, when reached, proved to be beautiful and melodramatic, three waterfalls near-by, almost theatrical-looking, but made so by Nature. We reached the

village by a long, high swinging bridge badly in need of repairs.

"Have people been drowned here?" I asked fearfully, looking at the loose boards on the treadwalk of the bridge, the rotten boards and the gaps where there should have been boards.

"Oh, yes," was the careless reply, "but it didn't matter, for they were from another village!" That was our introduction to a community isolated and self-contained beyond any we had found.

"One man tried to commit suicide here," a young girl told us brightly, as if relaying some commendable news. "His sweetheart had flirted with some other boys and so he jumped from this bridge into the water. The others saved him," she concluded with a sigh as if it had not been dramatic enough to please her. Then the two girls eagerly asked, "Tell us, are there any people that romantic in America?"

We had hundreds of patients again, looking still more rugged and primitive than they had at Mantai, which was nearer civilization. Always we are interested in the tattoo mark on their brow — the tribal mark. The older women also have broad bands tattooed across their cheeks, which is their marriage mark. The tattooing is painful, they tell me, and sometimes they have to be tied down or tied to trees while it is done, and they scream with pain and can only have a little done each day. Where did they learn this barbaric custom, I wonder? The Japanese forbade it, so now all younger people have the clear, bright faces God meant them to have.

There was an elderly woman who came each day to the clinic, gently leading a blind friend . . . there was a wife who came carrying her husband on her back because he could not walk . . . there was a man with his foot half eaten away with cancer, but his face gay and cheerful and undaunted . . . and there was the chief's son, character strongly written on

his face even at the age of five, but with a sore ear and tears in his eyes.

On our last day we felt that something unusual was astir. At first the people were loath to tell us, but then we heard that a community trial was taking place, for in this isolated place they had their own justice. The elders would judge the man in question, but the community was gathered to witness the trial, doubtless judging the judges to see if they were just! It was primitive justice, I dare say, mixed with a little brutal force and a certain forthrightness about right and wrong. One felt thrown back a few hundred years to days when our forefathers settled things thusly themselves. The case was one of immorality and that in a tribe, the Tyal tribe, which is proudly and fiercely moral. We did not witness the trial, but the reports of it were hard to bear. Both of the guilty pair were beaten, the man probably more than the woman as they said he was bleeding from his mouth. When they all lived in a place so beautiful, why were their hearts so wild and unruly? At last that day, which had seemed extra long because of its passion, pain and drama, was done, and we looked forward longingly to the next morning when we would leave for another place.

But the day was not done, for that night, in that place, where I thought the Saviour had knocked vainly at closed doors, a young man gave his heart to the Lord. "But will God ever take us when we have been so sinful?" he said, as if heartsick at his own unworthiness. It is from such humble souls, newly awakened out of sin, that God plants His Garden. Many of our churches in the mountains have grown from just one soul who came to really know the Lord. Our coming had not been in vain.

CHAPTER TEN

To seventy churches

One day I found my husband pacing the floor, back and forth, back and forth.

"What's the trouble?" I asked, and he told me.

"I have no one I can trust to go into the mountains and visit the mountain churches and give me an honest report." He felt that the mountain preachers and Formosan pastors were giving him too optimistic reports in order to make him happy. Because he was principal of the Theological Seminary of the Formosan Chinese Church, he could not leave the plains for many days at a time during the school year. Almost every weekend he was in the mountains, but he could not go to the far places in a few days.

"I will go in for you if you give me a Formosan pastor," I offered. Women are not much value in the Orient, but if I went in as an adjunct to the Formosan pastor who would have standing and authority, it would be all right. I would go with my accordion and flannelgraph Bible stories ostensibly to speak to the children and women. But visiting each church personally I would be able to give a report to my husband on actual conditions.

He found a Formosan pastor who was willing to go as his representative, and I accompanied him. We went to seventy churches and it took us four months. We walked for days in the mountains, waded streams without number, climbed steeps and descended steeps. It was always rigorous; it was always interesting.

At one little church which faced the sea, a typhoon wind was blowing in. It picked up the flannelgraph figures from the board and scurried them off in every direction. It blew rain into my face as I played the accordion. Finally the people hurried away to their little homes, built flat against the mountain-side just because of such winds, and battened their windows and doors and sat in darkness within until the fury of the storm passed over them. The next morning it was still raining heavily and the wind was blowing, but we had to go on because the next place was waiting.

There, too, the rain played tricks. No matter where I stood while playing the accordion, before long I would feel a cold trickle down my neck — the roof was leaking. If I got near the wall, it would blow in through the cracks.

That evening we were the guests of a little, frail, indomitable lady. "I was one of Chi-oang's first converts," she said. "I went with her everywhere." Again the breathless tale was told — of teaching in the night, of mountain people coming from far away to hear the Gospel, of danger, of narrow escapes from capture, of brave endurance.

We travel light in the mountains. Every time we had to go on to the next village we would put on our wet clothes again, for it was still raining and there was no chance for them to get dry. We each had one wet outfit and one dry outfit. The one was for the outdoor trips, the other for meetings inside.

One Sunday we had managed to go to four places. This was remarkable because usually the churches are so far apart and the terrain so rough and inhospitable that this would be impossible. This time two of the churches were at the foot of the mountains, and we had been able to take a bus to reach them.

But the last church was far away. We walked steadily for hours; and then, just as night fell, we reached a stream and the church was on the other side. Automatically we re-

moved stockings and shoes in preparation for wading. One has to do this so often in the mountains that it is amazing to see a bridge. "What! A bridge!" is one's reaction. But this time because it was dark we could not see how deep the water was. It was much deeper than I expected and very, very cold. However, I did not flounder, and reached the other side eventually.

The people were waiting and the church was full. A cup of tea, and they suggested that the meeting begin. "The people have been waiting for hours," they told us. The mountain people do not usually have clocks or watches. They use God's time which is sliced generously into morning, afternoon and evening slices, and they live according to that time. It had been reported that we would arrive in the afternoon, so they probably came early in the afternoon.

We played the accordion for over an hour so they could sing the hymns they loved. They could also easily learn new hymns by hearing the tunes. After the flannelgraph Bible stories and the pastor's message, at last — at long last — the meeting ended.

"We'll sleep in the church on the church benches," I suggested, for the night before we had slept in a tightly closed aboriginal home with no windows.

"We would never allow you to sleep in the church," objected one young man, evidently a leader among the Christians. "Our village would have a poor name for hospitality if people heard we left you to sleep in the church."

He picked up my suitcase imperiously and beckoned to me. I had a feeling that if I did not obey that gesture I would have been treated like the suitcase. I followed.

They took us to an aboriginal home, the pigpen just outside the window, the too-familiar odors and sights around us, but I was so tired that I fell asleep even while they were standing there around me, still talking.

I awoke some time later. Some of the young people were still there guarding me, I dare say, and well they might, for a lively young goat had wandered in and was leaping hither and yon. They were chasing the goat in desperation and exasperation lest he leap on my back. I opened my eyes, surveyed the situation, and went right back to sleep again. If he leaped on me, he could just leap off again — I was too tired to move!

Sometime later we visited a church of the Bunan tribe. Again it was a night meeting, and the people had come from several surrounding villages. We had a full meeting — singing, prayer, flannelgraph Bible stories, sermon and finally the closing hymn and prayer. But after the benediction the people still sat and made no move to disperse.

Someone whispered to me, "They don't want to go yet. They want more." After a whispered consultation with the Formosan pastor we decided to give them another service, so we went through a full service again down to the last amen. The people still sat and made no move to go home. So we had to have a third service.

At eleven o'clock, as they were going toward the door, I heard one call out, "Remember to tell them we have early morning prayer meeting every morning!"

"I hope it is not at six o'clock," I said in Formosan Chinese to the pastor. It wasn't. It was at *four* o'clock! (What church in America has prayer meeting every morning at four o'clock?)

And this was in the Bunan tribe, always considered the most depraved and dull of all the tribes. I heard the story of their awakening.

In their village was a wicked man, Mr. Lau. Even in their village where standards were not high, he was considered a bad man. He drank constantly and to excess, and did many evil things.

His little girl died. Usually when a family has misfortune,

the village people all come to help. But no one would help him. He had to dig her grave, load her body on his buffalo cart, and alone carry her to a resting place.

Later his wife died. Again no one would help. Alone he dug the grave and carried his wife to the cemetery.

Then Lau met the Lord and became completely changed. He was "born again" and repented deeply of his past life. Like a flame he preached to his people, the Bunan tribe, of the repentance and new life that the Lord Jesus brought from a loving Father. Those who had never heard of the Gospel before came to believe with a passion of love and gratitude that shames our cold hearts. Out of that flame of repentance and love this church had been built where *every* morning at four o'clock the people gathered to praise the Father and ask guidance for the day.

Lau was away preaching to other villages while we were there, but his people were faithful in keeping all the church worship services.

That night I slept between two mountain girls, but I was restless and uneasy for fear I should not wake up at four o'clock and thus disgrace the name of "missionary." I need not have feared. At four o'clock a hair-raising, eerie wail wound up the mountainside awakening everyone. It was homemade from an empty broken bottle and bamboo, but it produced results. It sounded like the crack of doom, and no one could sleep through it.

Because this trip was really to get true reports of the work for my husband, always the Formosan pastor with me would meet with the session. Sometimes these session meetings took place after eleven o'clock at night and lasted until after twelve. I had to remain, for often I would plan to sleep in the church, and so I had to wait until everyone left. Also, while not a part of the session, I had to hear part of it in order to give advice. Advice from a woman in the

Orient has to be given diplomatically, something like "just a suggestion and doubtless not a very good one."

Sometimes the Formosan pastor would say, in closing, "Now is there anything else you would like to ask us? Any request?" Often they would say, "We would like to hear the accordion once more."

Obedient, but dim-eyed from weariness, at half-past midnight in the flickering light, I played again. I don't play well, for I learned at forty-seven years of age just in order to have an instrument for the Lord's work, but the people love music and wanted to hear more.

In still another place, we found that a large spacious Japanese house had been placed at our disposal. It showed signs of former elegance with its formal garden, its fountain and unusual flowers, but it also showed signs of months of neglect.

"Why are we allowed to have such a fine place?" I asked, for usually houses like this were sought after.

"It is supposed to be haunted," they told me. "A man committed suicide here."

There was trouble in the hills in that district, and some aboriginal Christians were being persecuted. My husband had reported the matter, and the government had sent in a detective.

Late that night the detective came to see me. Our only light was a candle, but out beyond the candlelight was row upon row of aborigines sitting there silently watching, intent. What the detective told me and what I answered him must still remain untold although it involved drama and tragedy and the result made history. This I do know, that although the dark amphitheatre of silent onlookers heard no word and although it was just candlelight, yet so astute are they in reading people's faces that they knew exactly what had been said.

We had to make one more trip back to that district. After

several months they told me to come again. After the church service, about eleven o'clock at night, as we were walking to the home where we would spend the night, some of the aborigines came to me and told me of a chief who had been a leader in persecuting Christians. A group would go in the middle of the night and terrorize a new Christian, often a widow or some defenseless person, perhaps beat her and defraud her.

"Where does this chief live?" I asked, my blood boiling at the tale. It was not too far away, and so I said, "Let's go there right now."

"But he will be asleep by now," one objected.

"We'll wake him up," I answered, my former schoolteacher training coming to the fore.

He was sleeping, but we demanded that he be awakened. He came, sleepily, the smell of liquor heavy upon him. He caught his breath at the sight of an angry white woman standing before him in the middle of the night.

"You've been beating the Christians," I told him. "And I can make big trouble for you. I don't want to make trouble for you, but I can do it. If I hear of *just one more instance*, I will do it."

My manner must have convinced him, for I know he spent a sleepless night. The next morning when I was about to take the bus he was there, sober, meek and quiet. I did not look at him or speak to him, however. He would have to have more time to repent before I would believe in him. But in that district until this day there has been great peace.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"To the place farthest in . . ."

We do not know what time it is by the world's clock or what events might shortly come to pass, but we who are on the mission field feel an urgency to spread the Message quickly "while it is day," a compulsion that constrains us and is hard to explain except that it must be the urging of the Spirit to hasten with the harvest work.

In June, 1952, I went to three places in the mountains where no foreigners (white people are called foreigners here) had ever been before. As we left the last small village and vestiges of civilization, it was pouring rain. We had several aborigines with us, and on the faces of the villagers who saw us depart was an expression which said as plainly as words, "O foolish foreigner, why do you go into the mountains where no one of your kind ever went before?"

Later, when I stood on a mountain top or on a high cliff and gazed far off where mountains upon purple mountains were outlined and melted together under a lovely misty blue sky, with soft white clouds caressing their deep fastnesses, or peered down into deep, dim gorges, dark green and mysterious, where one could not see the bottom at all, I thought, *O foolish foreigners, why have you never come before to see this beautiful-beyond-words scenery?*

However, the rain poured down for days and we walked on sharp stones and down steep mountainsides, walking in the streams, for the stream-bed is the path in dry weather,

and when it rains, there is no other path. We walked for hours and hours on end until our shoes melted and our clothes were molded to our forms in drenching wetness.

But I feel if the people in the "last place" have built a church and are trying to live sweet, clean lives as unto the Lord whom they have loved and known for such a short time, then that means that Christ has been there, even to the place farthest in! God forbid that I should refuse to go to any place where Christ has gone before! So we went, and in that place farthest in, I found the whole village had become Christian, and what rejoicing we had as we met together!

As we reached this church "farthest in" we found a man in the church obviously waiting for us. The mountain preacher introduced me to him. He was a handsome middle-aged man who looked different form the others, partly because he wore gold earrings and a gold chain across his forehead, which slipped out from beneath his cap. It was not cheap gold either — it was the best.

He looked perhaps as we might expect some pirate chief in our childhood stories to look. The preacher said to me in the Formosan Chinese language, "This man has been a bad man. It has been his delight to take heads."

I said, "But how could he do that during the Japanese regime?"

They laughed, "It was still done."

That night the little church was packed with mountain people. Not only were they jammed in tightly, but outside the windows they seemed to stand three deep. With the flannelgraph I told them the old, old story — the beautiful story — of Christ and Nicodemus. Although I was talking to everyone, most of all I was trying to make it plain to the head-hunter. His hands so stained with human blood — did he want Christ to forgive him? Did he want to be born again with forgiveness to cover his past? I could not see him in the crowd, but I spoke as if explaining it clearly to him.

What a wonderful message we have to deliver to these people, God's offer of love and redemption!

After the meeting was closed and the last prayer said, different ones stood up and spoke. Suddenly I heard a commotion in the back, and saw that someone was wending through the crowd making his way to the front. He came swiftly and motioned an interpreter to speak for him. He spoke to us directly, simply, disdaining subterfuge. "Now I understand clearly how I can be forgiven for the things I have done. I know that God will forgive me, and make my heart clean again. I want to be born again."

No wonder God had led me to the "place farthest in," for He had a soul ready there to receive His forgiveness. A head-hunter needed forgiveness.

About a month later I was asked to go and take part in the dedication of another church. It was still farther in.

I asked, "But where did they hear the Gospel?"

"Don't you know?" they answered me. "They were outside the windows of the church that night listening, and they believed and went home and built a church!"

Once as we were walking from village to village, high on a mountain pass where we rested for a while, a group of young mountain people, all new Christians, told us hesitatingly of some of their Christian experiences.

They said a young girl of nineteen of their tribe was dying. She had never heard the Gospel, so they went to her and told her of God's message of love and forgiveness through Christ.

"But she did not get well," they said ruefully, "although we prayed for her together." But she asked for a Bible, for they had told her that it contained the promise of redemption, and she died, still holding the Bible tightly in her hands, her Lord's promise warm upon her heart.

CHAPTER TWELVE

"Earthquakes and torrents . . ."

Again I was called into the mountains to visit churches. We went first to the Hwalien area where they had recently had many earthquakes. The main part of the city was in ruins, and three large grade schools lay flat on the ground.

A strange incident, however, had preserved the lives of the pupils. One day the story was circulated that at eleven o'clock in the morning a heavy earthquake would occur. The teachers believed it and, warning the children to go home and tell their parents to put out the fire in the kitchen at that time, they dismissed school for the day. At eleven o'clock the earthquake came, and the three grade schools fell flat, but no one was injured. No one can predict an earthquake, and it is still a mystery of God's grace!

The greatest damage, however, was to people's nerves. There were still earthquakes there every day, and people who had gone through so much excitement reacted violently. Usually there were minor quakes; but even so, we would see people popping out of windows and doors with agility. It gives a sombre background to all one's life and thinking to be having earthquakes all the time.

After a while it seems as if the walls are always waving, the ceiling shaking and everything once thought stable seems to be quivering back and forth! At our Hwalien clinic about a hundred patients dashed outside in the biggest quake. Another hundred had just reached the door when the heavy

portico outside crashed down. It was as if an angel had stood at the door restraining them just in time to save their lives, for no one was hurt.

The missionaries there told me that after the great earthquakes, they were awakened at four o'clock in the morning with the wild story that Hwalien was on a shelf of land. They said that the sea was beneath the shelf causing the tremors, and that at eight o'clock the next morning the shelf would break off and fall into the sea. They were advised to flee to the mountains. No one knows who started the rumor, but at four o'clock in the morning, awakened out of sleep, one is not mentally alert enough to "check" stories.

Our "unclaimed treasures" (single lady missionaries) said they wandered through the house wondering which of their possessions to take with them. What was precious enough to save with their lives?

"What did you take?" I asked, curious to know.

"A can of Spam," they said.

"Why Spam?"

"We don't know," they answered, "except that it was our last can and therefore too precious to lose."

So, in the dark and in the pouring rain, they solemnly went up on the mountain and sat down with their can of Spam.

"How did you know where to sit?" I asked them. "What if it broke off just behind you?" Anyway, when daylight came they calmed down, and finally one by one returned to their homes.

We went to eight different places among the Ami tribe. In several places we were able to use bicycles, and although this meant long rides, still it was much faster than walking or using a water buffalo. There were several bridges made of bamboo poles loosely tied together and thus moveable under one's feet, and always with a stretch of stepping stones

lapped over with water, necessitating a wild leap at the end in order to make a happy landing!

The village we reached beyond the last stream was called the beginning of the Ami tribe in Formosa. It is known to be four hundred years old — perhaps five hundred. Because it is so far inland and in such an inaccessible place, there are only a few Christians there. The first believer had heard the Gospel in Hwalien before the war, and was later persecuted by the Japanese police.

The second believer had been a leper patient in the government leprosarium and was later discharged as free of leprosy. He went back to his home to preach. These two men met fierce opposition from the older men of the tribe who berated them and threatened them.

In the evening meeting the tiny church was packed. We have never had a more attentive audience. Both the pastor and I felt that the Holy Spirit was there convicting and convincing, but no one would dare to make a decision.

"Why?" I asked afterwards.

"They are afraid," someone told me. "Their elders would beat them and perhaps cast them out of the village if they made a stand for Christ."

The Ami people are not as courageous as the Tyal people. We knew we would have to go back again and again to give them courage and conviction.

One night as I was sleeping in an aboriginal home on a platform of bamboo poles which is their kind of bed, I felt my foot being slowly pushed. *That's not an earthquake*, I thought sleepily, and sat up to investigate.

A group of mountain people were outside the window looking through the wooden bars at me. It was bright moonlight and they wanted to see me. Perhaps they had come from far away and had just heard there was a foreign lady in the village. Just as we might prod a sleeping animal in the zoo to make him wake up so we could see

him better, so had they prodded me to wake me up so they could take a good look at me! After one good look they were either satisfied or horrified, for they moved away and I could go to sleep again!

We had to arise early in the morning in order to take the long walk back to comparative civilization again, at least to a place where we could get a little train. We were more than rewarded for it, however, by seeing the sunrise in the mountains. There is matchless majesty in seeing the deep rose on far peaks in a before-dawn glow, with dark, dusky blue below. Tipped with gold, the peaks were outlined one after another until the sun rose above them, and then there was the fascination of watching the passing clouds leave loving shadows on the mountain valleys as if loath to leave them.

Winter was coming on and in the high mountain areas it grows cold. There is even snow. Our mountain people, scantily clad at best, undernourished and living in rude shelters, are never prepared for the cold. We knew that many would die. We were still praying that God would give us a Christian center for them where we could have a permanent clinic with kindly doctors in charge and a chapel in connection to teach them God's message of love and our Christian songs.

Another time I went to the East Coast to Hwalien to visit some of the mountain churches here as I felt I had not gone for a long time. The bus runs down the long cliff road (seventy-five miles of road carved along the cliff with the sea below and cliffs shudderingly high above). Our bus broke down twice on the way. Fortunately the day was fine, so each time we had a breakdown I took out my flannelboard and told Bible stories and played the accordion and taught the passengers songs as they sat by the wayside waiting.

I overheard some of the men talking afterwards. They said, "We don't mind that the bus broke down today, for

otherwise we would not have had this opportunity to hear the Gospel." It made my heart ache, for it sounded so wistful; and I longed somehow to be multiplied so that I could reach more people, people who are hungry-hearted and waiting.

It rained all the time I was in Hwalien, but anyway we went out with our accordions and called the children together for a big children's meeting, spoke in the Bible School for aborigines and the trade school for aborigines, went to two Ami villages where there are new churches, and two Tyal villages where all are Christians. What a welcome they gave one, and how eagerly they listened to the stories about Christ!

The trip home was not without adventure. Because of the steady rain, a mountain torrent had descended from those steep slopes above the road and quickly formed a wide, rushing torrent across the road with swift unpredictable currents swirling this way and that, black with dirt washed from the mountains above, and very, very cold. The bus took us to the edge of the river, and across the river we could seen another bus waiting, but how to get across that river was each one's own responsibility.

Some passengers returned to Hwalien, but some had to return to Taipeh. The next day was Sunday and I had to be in Taipeh. Some men went far up the river trying to find an easier place to cross. The men who crossed stripped most of their clothes off, and bent all their energies into just "arriving alive."

I looked for a mountain man, for while they may not have much in the way of book education, they know rushing rivers and mountain lore. I found one and asked him to lead me. They are sure-footed and should a boulder strike one in those currents, they are strong and steady and more apt to be able to pull one back.

He shook his head. "It is too dangerous," he said.

"You might drown and it would be my fault." I can still see him, standing at the edge of the river shaking his head, the swirling river and sheer mountains a dramatic backdrop behind him.

"I've done it before," I told him. "We walked from Giok-li to Hwalien after a big typhoon, three days' walk and I had to cross ever so many rivers like this. It isn't as though it was my first time."

Then he relented and took me. In places the waters swirled breast-high and I was glad I had a guide to keep me steady. I went in fully clothed and then I had to sit in my wet clothes for another eight and a half hours by bus and train to Taipeh. But I didn't catch cold. I think I must have a special angel who takes care of me.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

"Are we not brothers?"

The road is long and dark the turn,
Obscured the light of dawn.
And yet His candle still doth burn —
The Way leads on.

I had an unexpected trip into the mountains one day. My husband had promised to visit three places and suddenly couldn't go, so I went in his stead. Again I was the first foreigner to reach a far village, and at another village only one other had been there before me, a gravedigger, looking for the bodies of American soldiers who crashed in a plane near there during the war.

It was a hard trip physically, for we walked two full days; and when we reached home at last it was almost three o'clock in the morning. We had meant to stay at the last mountain village but there were no Christians there, so we were not invited. But, as always, when we have to do something especially hard for the Lord, He gives us some special happiness or blessing. Back in the mountains in a village I found a young man, a mountain man, who during the school year is away studying in a town on the plains. He told me. "Four years ago you led me to the church with your accordion, and there I heard you tell the Bible stories with the flannelgraph. I started going regularly to the church. A year later I was baptized. Now I have led more than twenty of my classmates to the church, and in summer vacations I preach to my own people in the hills." What

happiness to know how God had used a seed planted by the roadside!

But in another village they told me, "There are only a few Christians here so far. The Message reached us late . . ." and we felt stabbed with remorse for all complacent Christendom who sent them the message "late."

Another time, when we were rather a large group going in to help dedicate new mountain churches, I felt to give us meals perhaps had been a burden to the mountain people who have scarcely enough for themselves. I asked the pastor to try and give them some money, but when he did they were suddenly sad and grieved and refused it.

"That would not be interesting at all," they said. "Our fellowship would lose all meaning. Are we not brothers?" I thought of the nations of the world wrestling with problems of hate, greed and war, and then of this simple solution of the aborigines who had met the Lord.

I wished passionately, too, that Christians in America might hear across the wide waters that separate us, His voice saying longingly, "Are we not brothers?" so they would unite with us in this work of building the Kingdom, fighting against evil, teaching of love.

> Our God is everywhere. Yes, God is here!
> Only my faith is dim . . . the world too near!
> —*Edith Alice Bang*

For our mountain people the aborigines, our new brothers and sisters in Christ, I still had nothing, although I had tried. I had not forgotten them, but I had not been successful. For years our Mustard Seed group had had a dream and a plan which we believed was God's plan. The mountain people needed help desperately and they had no money and no adequate medical care aside from Christian aid. There were some Christian medical eye clinics under supervision of the Mennonites, but there was still no central place where aborigines could come that would be an ideal place to estab-

lish a free medical clinic with some dormitory space so that some could be admitted as in-patients.

There we also wanted to build a chapel where Bible Conferences could be held continuously, teaching these humble people of the mountains the Bible, so that they could have it "hid in their hearts." When many thousands of them have become Christians so suddenly, it is imperative to "ground" them in the Word, and that speedily. We planned for the mountain people to build the chapel and build it with stones under an able mason's direction. We would have them come from all the different districts in the mountains to help build the chapel, so that they would learn to build with stone.

There were now more than 160 churches in the mountains built by themselves without any financial aid from outside sources, but mostly they were built of bamboo or wood, and after a few years of typhoons and heavy weather, they would look shabby and unsubstantial. Often they were blown down and had to be replaced.

The river beds in the mountains are filled with stones. In a village where all are Christian or where there are a number of families who are Christian, I would suggest that each family be responsible for bringing up four stones a day to the place where the village church is to be built. Anyone in the family could bring them up as the family's quota for the day. When enough stones to build a church were assembled, then we would have the men gather together. Cement is made in Formosa, and I thought we could get it reasonably for this purpose. Then the Christians could build a church in their village which would last for decades.

We would try to have them also build a small stone public bathhouse in the center of each village, for cleanliness follows the Gospel. We had to think up the plan whereby they have a chance to keep clean, for they are like children needing instruction.

Once we found a village far back in the mountains where the people had the Christian cross tattooed on their foreheads. We asked them, why and they answered, "We don't know *why*. We only know our forefathers ordained it so." We felt it was a leftover from the time the Dutch sent missionaries into the mountains of Formosa about three hundred years ago, and many became Christians. Then Koxinga, a bandit war lord, half-Chinese and half-Japanese, conquered the island and cruelly crucified the Christians. Perhaps their forefathers "ordained it so," hoping posterity would remember the Christ they had once worshiped.

If we had stone chapels all over the mountains, buildings that would endure, and "the Word hid in their hearts," then if the black wave of communism should engulf them, perhaps our mountain people would still remember.

We would use the mountain people as builders, for we wanted to teach them to build with stone. Perhaps someone somewhere would give the Christian center as a memorial to some loved one, and it would be a beautiful, significant memorial, for literally thousands would find healing for body and soul at this place.

> Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
> The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
> And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing—
> Kind Shepherd, turn their weary hearts to Thee.
> —*Frederick William Faber*

We kept praying for the Christian center, and we waited. If it was God's plan, then someday it would come.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"We have been so long in coming . . ."

Jim, my husband, returned from three weeks in the mountains. He walked hundreds of miles and had sixty meetings. Sometimes he would only have a few hours' sleep at night, as they would have to be up early and on to the next place. He had huge crowds and contacted many villages.

The All-Island Assembly of the native Formosan Chinese Church met and tossed the preparing of the daily vacation Bible school handbook into my lap. Most of the rest of the committee were busy men, pastors, all important men, and they didn't want to bother with this little matter. I didn't mind preparing it since it was for fifteen thousand Formosan Chinese children, so it was sheer happiness to prepare it, thinking of those who would receive its teaching. But there was a corner of my mind that was hurt and not satisfied.

The tribespeople of the mountains had been left out again. There was no budget for them, no provision for them, no thought for the churches in the mountains that had originated among the aborigines since the war.

They had never had a daily vacation Bible school. They knew nothing of how to go about having one, and that was why they had been overlooked. I felt that God was pressing the matter deep upon my heart, so that I could have no rest until I helped them.

Letters into the mountains do not go by conventional methods. There are no postal routes in far places. They go by the hand of someone who happens to be going that

way. There is no way of knowing whether one's letter arrives safely at its destination, or whether someone forgot it or lost it in a river he was fording, or gave it to someone else! One can only wait and wonder about the result. I had invited one from each church to come to a conference where we would teach them how to hold a daily vacation Bible school. I thought if twenty or thirty came, that would be a large group with which to spearhead our advance.

To my amazement, representatives from fifty-nine churches came and others besides so that we had seventy-one people. They brought their Bibles, notebooks and pencils—probably the only possessions they had in this world.

The eagerness with which they listened made us remember that these men with quiet eyes who touched their Bibles with such reverence and love, who prayed with such deep sincerity and passionate devotion, were the same ones who had been willing to die for Him. These were the men who had been beaten and tortured and who had seen their Bibles burned, not once but many times. These were the men who were determined to make Christ known to all the tribespeople in the hills — this is timber of which the Kingdom is built.

My husband wanted me to go with him on a trip to visit the Ami and the Paiwan tribes along the coast. We drove to the southernmost end of the island and then north along the coast, high purple mountains on one side of us and the tossing, breaking waves of the Pacific on the other, wild loneliness around us to which the picturesque mountain people added.

Everywhere I noticed that the children, especially the smallest children, were scantily clad and shivering, often wearing only a beautiful smile. The Formosan pastor in that district is like a circuit rider preacher of old days, and has about forty churches to supervise. I asked his wife, "If we had a 'Sewing Room for the Ami Tribe' could you come two

days a week to supervise?" She consented, and we planned to buy four sewing machines.

We would have our sewing room in the church where there are one thousand members, and we would have a "Dorcas trunk" there of old clothes sent to us which could be made over. If our Sewing Room venture worked out well for the Ami tribe, then we would start one for the Paiwan tribe. There are seven tribes, and tens of thousands of children. We could not clothe them all, but we could help.

While I was in a country railway station waiting for a train one day, I took out my accordion and started to teach those around me to sing, "Come to Jesus." One of the women, not a Christian, for there were no Christians there, said, "One can hear the name of Jesus all over the island these days. Everyone is talking about Jesus!" Far sweeter than any chimes ringing were those words in my ears, "One can hear the name of Jesus everywhere today."

Over and against that testimony, however, is the thought that we have been so long in coming. We have an aboriginal woman now learning to read her Bible, planning to go back to do full time Christian work among her own people. One day I heard her witness, "Now I can read the Bible, but as I read it, I find myself often in tears, thinking, 'Why, oh, why, was not this Bible brought to us years ago? Why did my people have to wait so long for such wonderful news?' " As she spoke, I had to turn away, for my eyes were blurred with tears, too, tears of shame, for we of the Western World who have known the Lord have been slow of heart and slow in coming. That the message has been denied to them is surely somehow our fault.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

To Death Island

My husband took huge bags of clothing, some food relief parcels, medicine of all kinds and set off for Orchid Island, once called Death Island. There is a tiny red worm there which attacks all newcomers, and in past years, they always died, so it was popularly called "Death Island."

On the island live the Yami Tribe. They are desperately poor and need *everything*. The island is on the east side of Formosa and there are no connections with it except by a small boat that looks like a Chinese junk with a motor. Each one aboard must do his own cooking and sleep as best he can in his own blanket.

A typhoon wind swept down upon the seas, and all small boats had to cluster in the lee of the mountains. They could not go out to sea because of the tremendous waves, neither could they make the shore because of the heavy, pounding surf. For days they were marooned and many boats capsized. Formosan Christians came to console me, for they were sure my husband was lost at sea. However, in the end, his boat, while it could not get to the ilsand because of the heavy seas, managed to make port on the East Coast of Formosa. From there Jim telephoned me and then wrote.

To my horror he did not give up his venture, but went on still trying to reach the island. We have six little churches on the island and he felt the people there needed his supplies.

When he did reach the island, he stayed more than three

weeks. There was no way to telegraph there or to telephone or even send a letter as there are no boats. Through the radio in the weather bureau I had one message, "He is there alive and will be home the following week." While I admired him for going on, not sparing himself in the service of the Lord, the human part of me longed for him to be safe at home, his mission accomplished. A wife has to do a lot of praying when she has a husband like Jim.

Finally, my husband returned from Orchid Island, Death Island or whatever one wishes to call it. He had been on that little island for more than a month.

The Yami tribe, an aboriginal people who live on the island, have red hair and are short in stature. They still wear just loin cloths. They fashion with great care huge canoes with upturned prows, carved with fantastic figures, and they set forth in these straight out into the open seas, for their livelihood depends on fishing. They swim well and dive down, far down into the clear, sun-drenched water to spear fish. All the queer, beautiful kinds of South Sea creatures are well known to them. There are only about seventeen hundred people on the island, and there are six small villages with a church in each village. Mountains in the center of the island rise to about two thousand feet.

This was my husband's parish and world for over a month, for no boats could come near the island as there is no harbor, and the sea was wild. He had no news of the outer world, no newspaper, no radio, no telegraph. He came back looking more rested and well than he has looked for years.

But here at home, life battered at our doors. War news screamed at us and planes zoomed overhead. We wondered vaguely what was going on, but most of the time we were so completely occupied with the details of living with our family of the helpless in our care that we did not have time to worry.

One day we went to the far East Coast and started the Sewing Room for the Ami Tribe. This tribe numbers about fifty thousand and they were there on Formosa in the beginning before the Chinese came. We were going to teach the mothers to make clothes for their children, for many darted around stark naked and had pneumonia or tuberculosis. Some mothers had never held a needle before. We had three sewing machines, a long table, scissors, some new print material, and a big case of old clothes to be made over.

That first day forty mothers came and twenty-five of them each finished a garment for a child. Although illiterate often and primitive still, these young mothers are attractive. They are shy but friendly, their great lustrous eyes expressive of more than they can say. Because we are Christians they welcome us, sisters in Christ, and we have happy times together.

Sometimes we forget our threatening enemy, forget that the fiery dart of communism is aimed at our hearts and our island. Do you know what I wondered, you who live so far away from here?

O thou America
  What is thy reaping
If, while all hell's astir,
  Thou art still sleeping?
    —*Ralph Spaulding Cushman*

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

"Building the Church"

Give us, O God, the strength to build
The temple that has stood
Too long a dream . . .

—*W. Russell Bowie*

When the news came that Japan had lost the war, the Christians took great courage. Christianity which had, of necessity, been a secret movement now came out into the open. Within a short time, churches were being built in a dozen communities. Some Christian Tyals came down from the high mountains above the Taroku Gorge and inquired of the young minister at Hwalien, "How do you build a church?"

He drew a rough sketch while he told them something of what it should be like. Then he said, "I am coming up there in a few weeks, and will discuss the matter with you more in detail."

That was too long for them to wait, and when he arrived the church was already completed!

In one place the church was completed, but it lacked a door. A man took the door off his own house to put on the house of God. It was unthinkable to him that his house should have a door while God's house lacked one.

Because the whole village works together to build the church it is built quickly. When I entered one village with the Formosan pastor who was in charge of that district, we

asked, "Where shall we hold the meeting? In what building?"

"In the church," they answered.

"But you have no church here," exclaimed the Formosan pastor, bewildered.

"Oh, yes, we have. We built it last week," they answered triumphantly.

Even during the few days of vacation we had, we were preaching to the mountain tribes near the lake. At one village where we went a few times, the chief said wistfully, "I wish we had a church here like other places. If you could only come and teach us more. . . ." We are planning to send a teacher there to teach them the Bible.

Before the mountain people hear the Gospel, they are capable of much evil and are slaves of bad habits. They learned to drink (saki — Japanese cheap whisky) during the days of the Japanese. They were slaves to smoking, too, and all their money was used for drinking and smoking.

When they decide to become Christians, these bad habits drop from them like outworn clothes, a shining gladness in their eyes takes the place of former stupid carelessness, their bodies seem straightened and alert with new purpose, and their faces become ennobled as they embrace new, high ideals. The difference is startling and even to those who do not know the power of the Holy Spirit as we do, the evidence of His work in their lives causes deep wonder.

Always we hear more and more good news of the Pentecost in the Hills. The Christian Tyals meet every night for worship in many places, and if they already have a little church in their village, they go to the church to pray each morning before starting to work.

They are waiting for us to come. My husband said that last summer when he was in one district he was limited in time, but there was a village he felt he must visit, for a

young man had been killed there as a martyr to his faith. He was beaten to death rather than deny his Lord.

As my husband went up the path to the village, the chief came running to meet him, clasped both his hands, said something and bowed his head. The interpreter with my husband hastily interpreted what he had said. It was, "Let us pray." And there on the mountain path the chief with bowed head thanked God that a missionary had come at last!

There are many places in the world where missionaries have had to work patiently, quietly, persistently for years before they even get a chance to present the Gospel fairly. Compare that with the open doors that are before us now.

Chi-oang, the Tyal Bible woman, died two months before my husband's return, but I heard just recently that before she died, she bade another woman carry on her work, and that this promise has been held as sacred and binding. Think of Chi-oang, full of years and feeble, who had brought the Gospel to thousands at the risk of her own life, standing at heaven's open door, still looking back with a heart full of concern and compassion for her own people that they might know Him, too!

Every time one steps into the mountain area one meets adventure. There was to be the dedication of a new little mountain church, and my husband was supposed to go. At the last moment he couldn't go because of conflicting engagements, and so he said, "You'll have to go in my place." All "foreigners need a mountain permit in order to go into this restricted area," but I had one.

It was late evening when I reached the Formosan village at the foot of the mountains, and I slept at the home of the Formosan pastor's family. In the early morning I heard voices, talking in Japanese, worry and distress the overtones.

They told me, "At two o'clock this morning two mountain men arrived. They told us the police had threatened that no

one was to be allowed into the mountains to the dedication of their church. No one without a permit could enter. They would throw a cordon across the road and detain people."

The two Christian men from the mountains were in deepest gloom. The church had been built with joy and anticipation, all the Christians were full of excited joy with the thought of a long day of dedication, worship and fellowship with Christians from the plains. And now their hopes were dashed!

"We have One to whom we have recourse," I told them. "We can tell our Heavenly Father about it and ask for His help."

Their faces brightened at once and they turned in to the Formosan church for prayer. After a short session of earnest prayer, leaving the matter in the Father's hands, they felt calm and reconciled. As we left the church after prayer, a young man came through the front gate, waving high a white paper and calling, "Permission for all to enter the mountains from the highest one in authority at the police station!"

God, the Father, had heard and answered His children's prayers!

We went with several of the Formosan Chinese Christians, all piled helter skelter in a truck. But that only went part way, and then we walked for about two hours. There was, of course, the inevitable mountain stream, but this one had a bridge, unique in that the center section was missing. We had to run and leap for the other side. I made it safely but looked anxiously back to see how a mountain man could leap with my accordion strapped to his back. But he did. We had a long, happy day of Christian worship, singing songs and telling Bible stories.

For some reason we had missed breakfast. Then with the long worship service no mention had been made of lunch or dinner. Toward evening we felt pangs of hunger. It was

hard to concentrate on Christian things — we became enormously interested in just "food." We were sure they were preparing supper of some kind, for we had no lunch.

Then they came and apologized. "We did have a nice supper all prepared for you. It was cooked early, and then set aside, while everyone went to the dedication service. There was no one there to watch, and the dogs came and ate it all!"

It was already dark and raining heavily, so we could not possibly go down the mountain. They had something like porridge left which we ate gratefully. That night I was taken to an aboriginal home. It was not a Christian home but it was the largest in the village. On the dirt floor in the center of the house a fire was kindled and by the eerie light I could see barbaric-looking figures. They showed me the platform where I was to sleep, and casually gathered up an armful of spears and knives and bows and arrows which had been right next to my bed. I went to sleep in these strange surroundings pondering, "Why did they have all those spears and arrows right next to the bed? Were they afraid wild animals might come through the door at night so that they would have to throw a spear at them?"

The next morning it was still raining hard. Mountain streams become torrents easily and sometimes do not lessen for days. We left before breakfast, trying to get across the stream before we were made prisoners. This time there were two gaps to leap over, but "in another hour it would have been impossible," they told us.

Amid pouring rain we wended our way down the mountainside. We used banana leaves for umbrellas, to no avail. We were wet completely, our shoes were pools of water inside that went "squ-esh" with every step. But our hearts were happy — another church had been dedicated to God!

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

"The house blew away"

My husband was extra busy with a building program on the plains, and so he asked me to do more work in the mountains among the aborigines, work that he would be doing if he had the time. It cheers the little aboriginal churches and helps their morale to have missionaries come. I invited Sister Alma, the German Lutheran nurse, and Bjarne the Norwegian doctor, to go with me.

We went in the Ford Ranch Wagon given to us by World Vision, Inc., and we planned our itinerary carefully. It was for a long stretch of coast line beyond the mountain range along the far East Coast, and in a week's time we visited the seventeen churches among the Ami tribe. In each place we had the gospel meeting first, then a clinic for an hour or more, and in every village we had crowds waiting to hear the Gospel and be healed.

We sped up the coast the first day after we had reached the East Coast, notifying each village of the day and hour we would come back to keep rendezvous at their village. It was a windy, stormy day. We stopped the car at one village and the pastor went in to inform a family that they should announce to the rest of the village the day and hour we would return. He came back saying, "I found the family in great confusion because their child is sick."

The mother had been weeping wildly and held her child closely while the other members of the family crowded

around, visibly perturbed. Bjarne and Sister Alma looked at the child and gave it medicine and a penicillin injection, and Bjarne said quietly to the mother, "Your child will be better soon, and he will be well tomorrow."

I know that the family had prayed before we came, and to have God answer their prayer in such a miraculous way so that a doctor and nurse and medicines were brought right to their door seemed too wonderful to believe. *It was worth coming, just to be their answer to prayer,* I thought, as we drove away.

We were to find that God had sent us to many more places before the trip was done. We reached our farthest destination at eight at night, amid black darkness, wind and rain but still they called the people together. The pastor had told me that we could sleep in the church that night and in a little house near-by, but he came in presently and said, "The house blew away!" We were right next to the sea, the deep Pacific sea with its wild winds, so I guess it is easy for things and houses to "blow away!"

We found another house, though, and as I entered, a rat glared down at me and then scampered away, and I looked down and saw a bedbug ambling along. Even so, we slept well on the floor with our "one rat and one bedbug," for the air was fresh and we were tired.

We had many poignant experiences in that one week of seventeen meetings. "You have eaten much bitterness," said one who found how far we had come. That is their way of saying, "You have had a strenuous time." When we told the Bible stories to them they listened with rapt attention, their wistful, tired faces looking much as the people must have looked in the time of Jesus — humble, weary, simple folk wondering about the Father in heaven and His plan for their lives.

One little church nestled at the foot of a tall mountain facing the sea. As we left, the Christians gathered on the

steps to sing after us, "God will take care of you," and the pastor with us remarked, "That one church has already given six preachers to the work of the Kingdom."

Another church was made of bamboo, on a knoll beneath palm trees, its cross silhouetted against the sky, its only claim to distinction that it was the first church built on the coast among this tribe of fifty thousand Ami tribespeople. It takes courage to be first; it takes faith and stability.

In our clinic in each place we found every kind of illness. Many we could help with our medicines, but there were others — and that haunted us. "She will die. There is no one to help her," I heard over and over again, until even in the night it was repeated as if it were my heartbeat. For tuberculosis is rampant among the mountain people, and in all the island there was no place for poor mountain people to go and be cured. There is a certain still look that comes to their faces as they realize there is no hope, while my heart is wildly praying, "Oh, my Father, let us in our Saviour's Name, have the chance to pass the loaves to them, too!"

I had thought I was through starting new projects, that I had reached the point of saturation, and from now on I would just keep my projects going, but I seemed to hear the Saviour saying, "I have still something more for you to do."

Then I saw it, a large roofless cement house facing the sea, a smaller roofless cement house near-by. "They were left over from Japanese days," the people who lived near-by told me. "We can get them for you if you want them for something worth-while."

"For a TB Sanatorium for the Ami people," I said, and they said it could be done. This is near the homes of the Ami people so I was sure they would come. A Christian doctor from a near-by town could oversee it, and we could have two nurses and other staff. If the Lord willed, I

would do this. I didn't intend to, but it could be done and that would remove the advanced cases of tuberculosis from children and others who were exposed.

We had snake-bite to treat, huge tropical ulcers, a little girl burned badly and writhing under the salt someone had applied, a crazy man, a little boy with a burst appendix. I am still haunted with what I saw. "She didn't get well," a man told me about his wife, the pathos of simple mountain people in his words.

At one place we entered a long, long tunnel and came out at last in a beautiful valley where the people lived a life apart from the world. Our meeting was in a large aboriginal-style building hung with fur skins and barbaric accouterments, and the people there had the same untamed primitive appearance. I don't know why it reminded me of *Lorna Doone*. Perhaps it was the valley.

In another place the church had been blown away by a typhoon and the people were building another. We saw women with babies on their backs carrying stones on their heads from the seashore for the new church. God's house was being built by simple people not sparing themselves in this labor of love. After a week we left our environment of mountains tossed against the sky on one side, with ocean breakers foaming and breaking on lonely shores on the other, and we returned to Taipeh.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The white killer

"What are these ceiled houses?"
. . . Then flamed the God within him —
"Is this the time to hap yourselves in comfort,
And the Lord's house still unbuilt?"
(and His Work still undone!)

—*John Oxenham*

A short time later there was a week of prayer by the missionaries for various phases of the work. When it came to a day of prayer for the aborigines, I was overwhelmed with remorse thinking how I had not yet gone back. "Here we kneel in comfort in a warm room, feeling self-righteous to spare even this little time and thought for them, while they are dying by the hundreds of TB and no one cares . . . ." My eyes were blinded with tears at the thought of my own selfishness and stupidity. That was Friday night.

On Monday we left for the far East Coast. The plane made record time. No one knew why except me. I knew we had angels pushing the plane, making us hurry. "The King's business requireth haste." Angels piloted the old, old taxi far up the coast . . . angels directed our steps to the right place, the right people . . . angels stood beside us pointing out the view of the Pacific below, the land for a garden for a TB place, the Christian doctor near-by. Angels took us farther up the coast where a huge vacant cement building, once a factory, stood on the very shores of the

Pacific. At every step of the way we realized, "It is the Lord."

I went to see the Christian doctor, a Formosan man, tall and commanding in appearance. I told him, "We discovered in our tour of the churches over here that many among the Ami tribe have TB and when we went back to Taipeh we heard it was rated as thirty per cent."

He said, "These Ami people are my patients, and I will tell you that it is sixty per cent."

"Is anything being done to isolate the heavy cases so that children and babies and others will not be infected?" And the answer was "No."

We went to see the head of the government of that district. He told us, "Not only the Ami tribe. Why, we have villages among the Paiwan tribe where TB is as high as eighty per cent. You must try and have a place for the Paiwans."

Our plan was simple and adapted to the simple people we serve. We would have two or three places not too far from the tribes, where we could provide sunshine and good food, bamboo beds (about one dollar each), bedding (about four dollars) a couple of mountain girls who had been trained as nurses in attendance, and doctors to visit regularly. We were quite sure that God would send the necessary drugs, because in the end usually many people are willing to help.

Tuberculosis is sometimes called "the White Killer." Perhaps it is that when the white man comes with his higher standards of living and prices rise, these humble people who live on the fringe of starvation become poorer and thus a prey to this disease. There is little game in the mountains of Formosa now. The mountain people, unable to obtain free meat as they did formerly by hunting, are living on poor food. They have no skins of animals for covering or clothes. In the high mountains their little bamboo houses are far too cold, and sometimes they have one bedcover for the whole family to crouch under, sometimes none at all. They

try to keep pathetic little fires burning on the dirt floors of the bamboo houses and they huddled around them. Exposure to cold and insufficient food has doubtless contributed to the spread of TB.

If the angels were going to tap my shoulder for this job, then that was fine, for I responded gladly, keen to get on with it and to try and work it out. I know women at home hearing of this discovery would feel the same way about it as I did. It is a housekeeping job, separating the heavy cases . . . saving the babies and children . . . making the sick ones comfortable and happy in their new surroundings, which would not be too far from their homes, so they would not be lonesome.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

A dream came true at Po-li

God directed us far up a mountain in the center of the island to a lovely little town called Po-li, a center where at least twenty thousand aborigines from the surrounding mountains could come. Three years ago we had a plan to place a Christian center there for the aborigines with a church where Bible Study Conferences could be held almost continuously for the mountain Christians, a clinic where they could get medical aid without payment, for they are still children of the wild and have no money, a sewing room where a Christian Formosan woman could teach mothers to sew for their children, a Sunday school visual aid library and a bamboo dormitory for those who attended the conferences.

But then war menaced us like a lion pouncing down on us with bared teeth. No one wanted to put money into anything that was so close to the lion's jaws. So our dream waited, and three long years passed.

The mountain people in that district died for lack of just a little medical care. There were government places but they charged money and our people had practically no money. I knew Christian compassion could help them live just a little while longer by giving them comfort for their bodies and putting His Word in their hearts.

"Do you think Formosa is safe for a while?" I asked my husband anxiously.

"As safe as New York," he replied, and so I tried to disregard all else and go on with the Kingdom's work.

We chose the land for the Christian center, fertile black soil covered with deep green grass and bordered with trees, a smiling blue sky above and mountains all around, a beautiful surrounding for a place in which to minister to twenty thousand.

Our land cost about six hundred dollars, which I hoped I could pay by calling in all my resources. We would build first with bamboo for that was cheap, and then if Christian people rallied to a belief in the future of the Kingdom's work in Formosa, we could build of something more substantial that would last for a number of years.

When we came to the land where we proposed to build the Po-li Christian clinic for the aborigines, we found a new government regulation there, so that instead of bamboo we would have to build with bricks! It would cost four times as much as we expected!

I knew that people at home feared to risk money for God in this land as they still considered our ultimate fate doubtful. We were on the rim of the free world, too close to the enemy to establish anything permanent, they thought. But there was also another side. Close to the enemy, so close that we are as if in a show window facing her, we should demonstrate how the free world is better, and what Christianity in action can do.

When they told me, "You can't build here with bamboo, it will have to be bricks," I said to myself "Bricks without straw," thinking ruefully of the state of my finances. Do you remember Jesus saying, "Let there be no gatherings when I come . . . ?" I am not afraid of having "gatherings" — I am more afraid of having a hole! We believe in building the Kingdom even while things look dark.

"If you can't bless us, don't curse us," could be said of this Christian center for aborigines. We were building the clinic there to minister to twenty thousand aborigines in the mountains around the center. We had twenty-nine

churches among the aborigines in that district but even where there are churches, the people suffer and die.

I thought again of those doctors questioning the mothers about the little ones who have died. Think of a mother burying ten children, one after another, ten sad journeys to little graves, because there was no one to help her. No one cares because they are "just aborigines," but we who are Christians should care and should help.

So we went on building even though we hadn't enough to finish, even if it would always be a burden to buy medicines and to keep the clinic staffed. The need was there, and we knew that it was the Lord's will that it be met. I had a Christian doctor who would give it three days a week or more if I wished, and I knew we would have thousands of patients there each month.

The Christian doctor was a Formosan Chinese doctor. He graduated from the Theological Seminary and then decided that he wanted to be a doctor also. He graduated from the Japanese Medical School in Japan and then came back to Formosa to practice his dual role, doctor and pastor.

When the Medical Unit under the Mennonites went through the mountains visiting as many aboriginal villages as possible, Dr. Sia was one of the doctors in the Medical Unit. Later he went to America for advanced work in surgery. After almost three years he returned to Formosa. Different hospitals wanted him to become superintendent, and he had other lucrative offers. But he refused, because his former work among the mountain people had put a "seal on his heart" that the greatest need was there and his Christian duty was there. So, because we were good friends, he stood beside me demanding, urging and encouraging that this Christian clinic for aborigines should be established at Po-li.

The Christian Center Clinic for the mountain people at Po-li was finished in October, 1955. Now it would serve

literally thousands of people, and they were the most needy of all people in Formosa, so my heart was aglow whenever I thought of it. Somehow the medicines would come as we needed them, and the humble furnishings.

We made cupboards to hold the drugs. We had six beds there for in-patients, for I knew they would come bringing some patients on stretchers who would be too ill to be taken back.

"You will have those beds filled the first day," said Bjarne, the Norwegian doctor.

In every direction I seemed to be faced with multitudes, and my little faith work stretched out of all proportion. But I could not wait until I had a great hospital before beginning. We began with what the Lord had given us, and walked forward on the water in faith, serving those in great need. We knew He would come swiftly to our rescue.

Then another deep dream came true. I was up in the mountains where our Christian clinic stands, making the final plans to send word into the mountains that our opening date would be January 16.

Our hearts were relieved and made extremely happy when Dr. Bob Pierce and Dr. Frank Phillips of World Vision, Inc., came and offered to help us. They were the only ones who offered to help — the only ones who stood beside us and believed that God would bless this work that was being started to take care of the mountain people.

"What can we do to help you?" The words fell like balm on our hearts! This was surely the Lord who had sent these dedicated men to help with this great need which was beyond the horizon of the world.

"If you would help with salaries and drugs, we would be grateful," I said, overwhelmed. So every month from the beginning they have sent one hundred dollars a month for salaries, and one hundred dollars a month for drugs. They

were meeting an emergency need that the rest of the world knew nothing about.

This was not only their gift to the humblest of people, but also a gift from the loving hand of the Father.

As I look at the clinic today, I see the crowd of patients who are not yet there. Others see only a small red building waiting and ready as a place to do God's work. I see a church standing near the clinic where Bible Study Conferences can be held continuously for the mountain people, allowing the Christians of two villages to come at a time. "Thy word have I hid in mine heart . . . O Lord." This is the only protection and the best protection we can give these children of the wild to meet the future, an unerring guide, a never-dying hope, the Bible in their hand and in their hearts.

I see a dormitory near where the people can stay during conferences, simple but enough, for our mountain people are humble and undemanding. The church and the dormitory are not yet there except in my dreams and plans, but God often makes those dreams come true.

It is amazing the way the work has burst its bonds and grown all out of proportion to our expectations. On January 16 we had the opening of our Christian Center Clinic for Aborigines at Po-li. It was a bright, beautiful day, blue sky and mountains with snow in the distance, and yet cherry blossoms were abloom in the valley below.

Our little red brick building was crowded with aborigines from the mountains who had come to have worship with us and together thank God for His gift. Shortly after the opening we sped away, leaving the doctor, two nurses and a boy who could act as dispenser in charge.

Two days later, in Taipeh, I received a letter from Dr. Sia at Po-li. "I haven't four in-patients," he wrote, "I have fifteen. We have them tucked away into the little workhouse

just any way, and ten of them have TB and shouldn't be in with the others."

It had happened as Bjarne, the Norwegian doctor, had predicted. The mountain people are sick; and when they found a place to bring their sick, we were swamped. We ordered a truckload of bamboo beds and bedding to be taken to Po-li, and we had a building there in which to put TB patients, but — this was only a breathing spell. Just as in the children's work we would not turn away any child in genuine distress, so in our medical work we would not turn away a single person who was really ill. In the Name of Christ, our Saviour, we did our best to help them and make room for them. We had to think of what to do next in order to take adequate care of those who were extremely sick among the mountain people.

So I went to the American Aid to ask about TB among the mountain people. The man who answered me said, "The problem is like the sea, and anything you can do or we can do is only like taking out a bucketful." His eyes held tortured sorrow, frustration and defeat. They are trying to give anti-TB vaccine to those who do not have the disease and they have already covered some districts near the foot of the mountains.

"It will save their grandsons," he said wearily. "If you can isolate the heavy cases, go ahead. It should be done to protect the others."

As Christians, we have to help our people. We have to carry out our bucketful. We had a plan, which if God so willed, would be carried out. Let me tell you more about the Po-li Christian Center Clinic for Aborigines.

You will remember that the first day the doctor put fifteen patients into the little workhouse or toolhouse which was still standing after the clinic had been built. That night he went to see his patients there and found to his bewilderment that there were *seventy* people in there! They were

in so tight, away from the cold outdoors, that many could not lie down or sit down. They crouched with just the soles of their feet touching the floor, preparing to spend the night that way.

The doctor said, "I couldn't even find my patients in that crowd!" It seems that the mountain people who come bringing their sick sometimes walk for eight or nine hours, sometimes for two or three days, in order to reach the clinic. They cannot go home the same day, and they have no money for hotels. It became urgently important to find a dormitory for them.

Also we needed a place that could be used for the especially sick patients. We had a place for the TB patients at Po-li, but we needed a place for the ones who were sick from other causes.

Hurrying again to Po-li and reading my Bible for an answer to all this, I came upon a wonderful promise, pointed out to me by the angel near my shoulder, "Your Father will give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him." The Holy Spirit to guide, give us wisdom and comfort! Burdens seemed to drop off my shoulders in every direction as I asked the Father again for His Spirit and *knew* He would answer.

So in Po-li, out of great confusion, clearly and unmistakably God showed us His plan. An encampment, not a dormitory, on a plateau overlooking the valley, not far from our clinic, would please the moutain people best. They would give their labor to build several mud brick houses there, and we would plaster and whitewash them inside and outside.

They love outdoor fireplaces to cook on; and as they cook, they can look off to the mountains around and thank the Father again for His beautiful world. I rented a house as a dormitory for the nonce until we could get our encampment built. I had already rented the plateau. I knew in the

center of the encampment they would build a tabernacle in which to worship God and thank Him.

Our patients and the weary mountain people who will stay in the encampment are all guests of the Lord, for we do not take their money. We know that they have practically nothing. Down the mountain trails they have come, and will come, weary, sick, hungry, dusty, poor, to find an open inn where the Saviour bids them welcome. They bring their own rice with them, sometimes, and a blanket in which to sleep.

I have heard of birds making their nests in a cannon's mouth. I imagine some people think we are doing the same as we build our churches and clinics with the enemy breathing down our neck, so near that it seems we could almost reach out a hand and touch him.

The plan for the TB patients was this: we asked people, individuals or a class or group, to endow a bed, a bamboo bed, for one year, giving six dollars a month. That would take care of the patient, giving him food, nursing care and the drugs he needs. We sent to the sponsor a picture of every patient who occupied that endowed bed, their "guest" in the Lord's Name, as if they had given the Lord Jesus a bed when He needed it.

We were sure that there were those who would walk with us taking care of the outcasts of the world, the humble people for whom no one cares. "TB? Why, with all the resources of the world you couldn't help with this problem!" someone said scornfully. Ah, but we have God — all the resources of the universe and heaven, too — so we are not afraid!

CHAPTER TWENTY

With mud and bricks

My Father's world — and yet
For me He leaves stirring, mighty tasks;
And bids me share with Him
In building love and truth and joy
To make His dreams come true.

We were in the process of "building the Kingdom with mud bricks!" Up in the mountains at our Po-li Christian Center Clinic for Aborigines, we found our work expanding beyond our wildest dreams. You will remember that we rented a plateau not far from the clinic, and on this plateau we planned to build staple houses of bamboo and mud, white-washed inside and out, for the mountain people. It would be an encampment or hostel for them where they could stay when they came down the mountains bringing their sick to the clinic, having walked for hours and sometimes days.

Later it can be used as a hostel when we have our Bible Study Conferences. We must teach all the mountain people now, for evil threatens them from many directions. Please God, their Bible study will make their faith sturdy enough to die for Him rather than forsake Him should need arise.

We had five houses already built on the plateau, and five more were soon to be built. That would take care of about two hundred people. Other buildings are desperately needed, too, for our patients, in a month's time numbered *thousands.* The workmen started each day with prayer. How close God seems when one is on the mountaintop, how wonderfully

stable and sure and serene He makes us as He leads us on in His work!

Also we were starting to build a summer ward for TB patients of bamboo and mud, whitewashed inside and out to make it clean and beautiful. We had to build fast, for sometimes we had as many as forty-nine new cases of TB a day at the clinic, and the open cases should be isolated to save others, and some needed to be admitted to save their own lives. It was the biggest challenge we had ever had, a race between life and death, and all the odds were against us, except — we had God!

> The healing of His seamless dress
> Is by the beds of pain —
> —*John Greenleaf Whittier*

The mountain people were usually dirty and their clothes were dirty, too. Where we rented houses as wards and also in the TB cottage we had simple bathrooms, a case of soap and towels which were made by our blind people. But then the problem arose, "What will they wear while their clothes are being washed?"

I hastily sorted out men's clothing and women's clothing and sent two cases to Po-li. You see, there is much housekeeping when one's a missionary!

Already we had between three and four thousand patients a month, and about ninety in-patients; of the ninety in-patients, about seventy were TB patients. The mountain people had large, shy, beseeching eyes, and whether they were elderly and covered with barbaric tattoo, or young and bright, prematurely stricken with illness, still their eyes told the same story, "We are helpless and we need your help."

We could never keep ahead of the work. It outstripped us and left us dazed trying to follow after. People look on in wonder at our temerity to meet so great a need and their expressions say, "Is thy God able?" In our hearts we

remember Daniel surrounded by hungry lions and in a desperate situation as far as human eyes could see, still bravely answering, "O King, live forever, my God is able!"

The clinic at Po-li grew by leaps and bounds. We had two doctors and three nurses there, with others to help. I got there every week in order to find out their needs and troubles although to go took five hours each way.

Recently I went up and happily reported, "We have seventy beds endowed for TB patients"; and they answered, "We now have more than ninety in-patients with TB."

The next week I went up and said, "Now we have eighty-one beds endowed"; and they had more than 120 TB in-patients!

I could never catch up with them. I just seemed to get farther behind! Altogether there were about 150 in-patients and between seven and eight thousand out-patients a month. I never dreamed it would become so big. "Well, anyway, it shows it was needed," I said a little weakly, for it seemed like Jack's beanstalk in growth. But as I passed among the bamboo beds greeting the patients, I could see from their faces how they suffered and I thanked God a million times that He led us there.

I knew people at home thought that we tried to do too much. But if you were there how would you stop, and where would you stop? If you walked into a mountain village with Christ and found more than eighty per cent of the people sick with tuberculosis, the bright-eyed children playing around all in danger, would you walk out again saying "too bad?" Would you try to forget it, to crowd out the memory with trivial things, to crush down all thoughts of silent suffering? Oh, I know you wouldn't. You would try to plan somehow to separate the sick ones and protect the little ones with the Lord your Guide, your Companion and Support!

Sometimes I tried to get aid from large organizations, and

I thought they did for the moment consider it, but they were too far removed from the shabby little grass-thatched bamboo huts on the far East Coast of Formosa, or from little villages that dot the mountain tops, where gaunt faces spell out the doom that the dread TB had already placed upon them, where in almost every home someone sits waiting for death. Sometimes whole communities of tribespeople, once handsome, strong and vigorous, faced lingering illness unless someone helped.

But no one seemed to care. The aborigines live far away, in wild and inconvenient places, and tribes are difficult to systematize.

"I have a plan," I explained patiently to people I tried to interest in this task. "We have five places chosen, one for each main tribe. We could build wards to take care of two hundred patients at a time, and in each place there is a Christian doctor near-by."

"Why are you so still?" someone asked me once as I pondered on our people in the hills.

"I'm feeling sad because my wings are not wide enough to cover more people," I told them. But together we could do it, if you stay with me, dear friends, as we work for the Lord. With just a little help from the homeland, I feel we could help tens of thousands of the most helpless. Our tribespeople are mostly new Christians, so it is fitting that Christians in other lands, more fortunate, should help them.

> — When thy way seems blocked, leave it in His wise hands;
> — Stand still, my soul, and thou shalt see
> How God can work the "Impossible" for thee.
>
> — *Selected*

Dear friends, I love you because you love the Lord and His Work as I do. Let me tell you how marvelously you are helping in the work. I have noticed that in any problem I present to you (this is amazing, even knowing how God's

laws work and His promises are sure), in response to a volume of prayer focused on that problem, the Father intervenes and helps in a wonderful way. It is heaven aforetime to see all this. It is drama beyond all telling — joy so deep and wonderful that one can hardly bear it.

Don't ever think your prayers don't help. They are moving mountains over here! And if I feel a moment of discouragement, as if I am dragging more than my own weight, almost immediately there comes a lifting of the spirit, courage, laughter, faith — your prayers are lifting me over the hard places! Please God, we'll meet in heaven, and then I can tell you more!

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

"As if it were Christ Himself . . ."

The fields are white with harvest, and the cry
Of need is like a sobbing on the air;
The laborers are few, few make reply
To the wailing of a hurt world's deep despair.
The voice of Jesus sounds across the land
To all the impotent: "Stretch forth thy hand."

—Grace Noll Crowell

If you could see the Christian clinic for aborigines at Po-li with its crowds of out-patients, now numbering about eight thousand a month, you might wonder at the two doctors and two nurses and think, "How do they stand it?"

Let me tell you a secret. You have to look at each patient — humble, inarticulate, undemanding in words, (though their great need of help thunders at one) — as if it were Christ Himself waiting to be ministered to. It makes all of the work a sacrament, holy, happy, exalting.

Last week I was at the Po-li clinic in the late afternoon when four patients arrived. I knew instantly that they had come from far away, even before the man who was their leader said, "We have come a long way." He sighed with relief and contentment at having arrived.

They had come from the mountains in the extreme southern part of the island, and the three women carried their X-ray films with them. They had TB and had come to the one place where they could be treated free and get well.

I led them into the waiting room, and then stepped inside

to alert the doctors. Then I glanced back. Oblivious of their surroundings, entirely unself-conscious, one after another arose and prayed softly, thanking God for this place and that He had brought them here. Like the early Christians, their faith is crystal clear and simple, their trust complete.

Many who are not Christians come to the clinic where they can be healed and where it is all free. But we tell them, too, of the Saviour. They can come to Him and be healed of heartache and sin, and it is free, God's Gift freely given — and "shall He not with Him freely give us all things?"

Our in-patient wards are filled and most of the ten cottages. We had meant them for dormitories, but the in-patients overflow into all available space. In the evening there is open air worship on the plateau overlooking the valley, surrounded by mountains, a beautiful place in which to think about the Father.

The patients continue to come. We thought we could not take in more just now, but aborigines know no limitations, and they come in scores, it seems to me. All our available space is filled.

If a mother was sick, she brought her children with her; so swirling around the cottages on the plateau were about thirty lively, big-eyed children, and some mothers with TB held nursing babies in their arms. They had no place to leave the babies.

The doctor and I are planning desperately a babies' home for the babies of sick aboriginal mothers, and a children's home for the runabout tiny aboriginal children. Housekeeping for multitudes on this side of the world is not easy. We wish we could put people into cubbyholes all nicely marked and ticketed and forget them, but in this task — separating mothers and babies, mothers and children, and keeping them all happy — we are going to need a lot of angels to help!

We have heard that the enemy boasted they will enter

Formosa through the aborigines. I pondered those words. How shall we hold the door? With secret police and threatenings? There is a better, surer way, and that is to win the hearts of these people with love and help and kindness. We can do it now, perhaps not later.

Only Christians care about sick, bewildered aborigines still suffering from the shock of meeting the modern world suddenly. We are near the enemy, just a few minutes away. It could be that winning the love and trust of aborigines through helping is a "finger in the dyke" that if not held, would let through a flood that would eventually menace the world.

After two days at Po-li among the mountain people, I cannot sleep, remembering how sick they look, how infinitesimal our help compared to their need. We have chosen the sites for five more TB places, one for each large tribe.

We have found a fine house for the aboriginal children and babies so that we can separate them from the mothers who are sick. It is big enough for thirty or forty wee children and has a fine yard where they can play.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

America and television

Early Sunday morning I was about to leave on my round of Sunday services, the Church of the Lepers, the Boys' Home, the Children's Homes, the Church of the Blind and an orphanage. But a telephone call came, and a voice in faraway America asked me if I would be willing to come home to America and appear on a TV program honoring Bob Pierce. "It would help your mountain people." It was Roy Wolfe of World Vision, Inc., speaking to me.

"Send me all the details by letter, and I will be thinking it over," I answered him.

"Leave for America?" How could I leave when we were so busy, I thought, and yet, "It will help the mountain people," sounded over and over in my memory.

We have about 250 churches in the mountains among the aborigines now, but they need help as never before. These churches they built themselves with bamboo, grass-thatched roofs and dirt floors, or sometimes with earthen walls or wood, but always they built them without help from an outside source. This year we had eleven typhoons, and these primitive churches are easily damaged.

There is a new government rule that no trees can be cut without a government permit and that includes bamboo. The permit is not easy to obtain, so the mountain people cannot build as easily and cheaply as before.

In some places the police forbid the people to give offerings

to the church, saying, "You are too poor already." This is probably meant kindly, for the policemen are usually not Christian, and they know how desperately poor the mountain people are.

Our aboriginal people are caught now in the crux of an abnormal situation. There is no longer game in the mountains to give them food and fur robes for warmth. The sudden influx of several million people as refugees from the mainland in the course of a few years, and of several thousands of Americans in connection with American aid and military aid, has raised prices of necessities to a staggering height. With millions of new people wanting work, the aboriginal people have no chance to secure work and earn money. They are untrained and primitive still.

No game in the mountains; no work on the plains. They suffer from hunger and lack of clothing and bedding, and TB develops quickly. Their churches are damaged by typhoons and they do not have the former way of building them. They used to pay their preacher, but now no one has money.

"It will help your mountain people." This was an echo in my mind, no matter what my hands were doing.

When my husband came back from several days in the mountains, his words were grim. "If someone doesn't help soon, there won't be any mountain work," he said. And I knew his hurt ran deep, for he was the one who had started it and shepherded it through the years.

I told him of the telephone call. "Shall I go?" I questioned, for we were so busy that still it didn't seem possible.

"It will help the mountain people?" he questioned. "Then by all means, go!"

Three weeks work done in one week, and then I was free to go. I flew back to America and was put on the TV program as a surprise for Dr. Bob Pierce, who was the guest of

honor. Then as a surprise for me, the Squibb Drug Company presented me with two thousand dollars worth of drugs for the TB patients in the mountains. The National Jewish Hospital in Denver kindly donated a badly needed fluoroscope X-ray machine, and still more drugs desperately needed to combat tuberculosis came from the Charles Pfizer Co.

Going back to Formosa, as the plane lifted over the deep blue Pacific, I thought happily of the future. The drugs will be a great help in our battle against TB. We feel sure that the churches of America will help, too, by being a "Big Brother Church" until this present crisis is over. But more than this is the wonderful feeling that this work is of the Lord, that He has guided every step, that His deep concern is with us as we minister to His people, that He will send supplies. . . .

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on.

—*John Henry Newman*

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